

AN INTERVIEW WITH AMY GULLING

Interviewee: Amy J. Gulling

Interviewed: 1965

Published: 1966

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #007

Description

Mrs. Amy Thompson Gulling is a member of Reno's oldest family. Her grandmother, then a widow with three children, married the town's founder, Myron Lake. Mrs. Gulling's mother had vivid childhood memories of crossing half the continent from Wisconsin in a wagon train, of arriving in Honey Lake Valley in California, and finally of making a home at Lake's Crossing (later Reno) before Nevada became a state. In 1874, the young pioneer married William Thompson, a rancher of Washoe Valley. The couple lived on a ranch near Franktown, and raised a family of six children—Alice, Maud, Will, Roy, Ethel, and Amy. Thompson was a member of the Nevada state legislature as senator from Washoe County in the 1873 and 1875 sessions, and as Washoe County assemblyman in 1889 and 1891. Later, he became active in Silver Party politics as a supporter of William M. Stewart. The Thompson family moved from the ranch at Franktown to Reno, where they became prominent members of the community.

Amy Thompson was an observer of her environment. Born in 1889, she clearly remembered her school days at Franktown and Reno. She also recalled details of Reno society and economy before the turn of the present century. In 1911 she married Lawrence Gulling, and busied herself with family life. However, she always remembered her father's stories of the excitement and drama of politics. When her daughters were grown and time permitted, Mrs. Gulling turned to politics herself, working for the Republican Party. Although she never held an elective office, she engaged in party work at every level from the precinct to the National Committee. She retired as Republican National Committeewoman in 1964.

Mrs. Gulling's oral history includes memories of her pioneer grandmother and her mother; accounts of school days in Franktown and Reno; descriptions of Reno buildings and streets at the turn of the century; biographical material on her sister, Dr. Alice Thompson; discussions of Reno social and cultural activities; observations on Reno politics; narratives of participation in national Republican politics; the excitement of being named Nevada's "Mother of the Year"; and a philosophical conclusion.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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Printed in the United States of America

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CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Introduction	xi
1. My Pioneer Grandmother	1
2. Life at Franktown	7
3. My School Days in Reno	13
4. Rambling Through Reno	17
5. Social Life in Reno	29
6. The Thompson Sisters	35
7. State Politics and Politicians	39
8. Republican Party Politics	45
9. Mother of the Year	61
10. Conclusion	63
Original Index: For Reference Only	65

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Amy Thompson Gulling is a member of Reno's oldest family. Her grandmother, then a widow with three children, married the town's founder, Myron Lake. Mrs. Gulling's mother had vivid childhood memories of crossing half the continent from Wisconsin in a wagon train, of arriving in Honey Lake Valley in California, and finally of making a home at Lake's Crossing (later Reno) before Nevada became a state. In 1874, the young pioneer married William Thompson, a rancher of Washoe Valley. The couple lived on the ranch near Franktown, and raised a family of six children—Alice, Maud, Will, Roy, Ethel, and Amy (born in 1889). Thompson was a member of the Nevada State Legislature as Senator from Washoe County in the 1873 and 1875 sessions, and as Washoe County Assemblyman in 1889 and 1891. Later, he became active in Silver Party politics as a supporter, of William M. Stewart. The Thompson family moved from the ranch at Franktown to Reno, where they became prominent members of the community.

Amy Thompson was an observer of her environment. She clearly remembered her school days at Franktown and Reno. She also recalled details of Reno society and economy before the turn of the present century. In 1911, she married Lawrence Gulling, and busied herself with family life. However, she always remembered her father's stories of the excitement and drama of politics. When her daughters were grown and time permitted, Mrs. Gulling turned to politics herself, working for the Republican Party. Although she never held elective office, she engaged in Party work at every level from the precinct to the National Committee. She retired as Republican National Committeewoman in 1964.

When Mrs. Gulling was invited to record her memoirs for the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, she accepted graciously. There were six interviews through July and August, 1965, all conducted at Mrs. Gulling's home at 209 Ryland Street, Reno, Nevada.

The reminiscence includes Mrs. Gulling's memories of her pioneer grandmother, Mrs. Lake, and her mother, Mrs. Thompson; accounts of school days in Franktown and Reno; descriptions of Reno buildings and streets at the turn of the century; biographical material on Dr. Alice Thompson, always referred to as "my sister, the doctor," or "Dockie;" discussions of Reno social and cultural activities; observations on Reno politics; narratives of participation in national Republican politics; the excitement of being named Nevada's "Mother of the Year;" and a philosophical conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future researchers by recording life histories of persons who have played important roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Other oral histories in progress concurrently with Mrs. Gulling's work include an educational autobiography by Earl Wooster, teacher and principal in Nevada schools; a political, social and economic memoir by former Governor and Congressman Charles H. Russell; a social and legal history by Milton B. Badt, pioneer of Elko County and Associate Justice of the state Supreme Court; a political reminiscence by Thomas W. Miller, Delaware, Nevada, and national Republican political worker; and a social and economic narrative by Harry Hawkins, pioneer of Douglas-Alpine counties in Carson Valley.

Permission to cite or quote from Mrs. Gulling's oral history should be obtained through the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, 1966

MY PIONEER GRANDMOTHER

I will tell first of my recollections of my grandmother to whom I was so devoted; and there was nobody in the world like Grandmother. I just didn't have much recollection of any grandfathers.

The first grandfather who was the real grandfather was, of course, Prince Bryant. He and Grandmother were just young folks you see. Prince was enthusiastic to go to the Civil War, and was a northern supporter. So, of course, he left his little family and went. There was one youngster born while he was away, and they let him come home because the child didn't live. That was the last time grandmother ever saw him. He was killed in the Battle of Shiloh. A very peculiar thing that the family always told was the fact that right in the middle of his forehead he had a deep indentation, and used to jokingly say that he would be shot there. And the only report that they had of his death was from a comrade that reported that he was shot through the head just in this mark. So that was one of these things.

Now we have just a small bundle of letters which were written to grandmother when he was in the service. They have on those envelopes the pictures of the soldiers. Each one is a different one, and they are in a very fine state of preservation. They are in the possession of my niece. They were nineteen and sixteen when they were married, so he was just a young man when he was killed. Well, there wasn't any way for a woman with three children to earn a living.

Her people, the Conkeys, had come to California and were up in the Susanville country. When she could get some communication to her family, which was a matter of at least three weeks before she could let them know, they had a family conference. One of the brothers decided that he must go back (they were then in Madison, Wisconsin) and help the little mother with her three children get across the plains. So he did.

They joined a wagon train that came through from New York. They drove horses; the oxen were too slow. They made fast

progress. So leaving in April, they arrived in Honey Lake Valley July 3, 1862. Mother was eight years old at that time. She had a very vivid recollection of this trip all of her life, so she could tell these stories. Each train, I imagine, had some different experiences. Some of hers were quite different.

She told us about the beautiful little sister she had. She was blonde, very blonde, golden hair, truly golden hair, and great big pansy-blue eyes and this fair, fair complexion. And this Indian girl followed them. She was all dressed (Mother could remember her costume) in all-white buckskin with fringe. They said that she was an Indian princess who had lost her baby. She followed their wagon begging for the baby, pleading in sign language that she wanted this child. This was a very frightening thing because they expected that perhaps they would be raided by the Indians and they were going to be in great difficulties if they stole the baby. So they drove all night that night, and they made the horses travel as fast as they could. Two of the horses were exhausted and died as a result of this hurrying out of Indian Country.

So then after progressing farther, they came to Indians that were friendly. The Canadian men had married the Indian women. They took the people of the train into their tents and showed them the skins of animals. They were trappers, and they had beautiful animal skins, just lots of them.

As they came along, they were raided. Of course, they camped every night in the circle with their horses staked on the outside of the wagons gathered together, and the people in the center. Well, they were raided and the stock driven off across the Platte River. It took them two days to gather up enough stock. They didn't get it all, but it took them two days to gather them back together and be on their way.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, they were very, very tired and they stayed for a matter of about two weeks. During that time, Mother plainly remember having Brigham Young stand up on the lead wagon. Of course, those wagons were very high, and he was in a very elevated position when he got up on the front of this wagon. The whole train could see and hear him. He warned them not to take in anyone who came and wanted to be taken out of Salt Lake City. He said that they were in danger of their lives if they did it. So two women came to this one wagon—there must have been others that came to the other wagons—but they came to the one Mother and her family were in, and begged, just pleaded, to be taken in; but they didn't dare do it. They said that they wouldn't dare try to take them away.

After they left Salt Lake City, they then got into the Humboldt Valley, and the wagon train split. Some of them went through Black Rock Desert and that part of the train was where the wagon train that grandmother and her family were on. Then some of them went down south to Carson and that way. I didn't ever hear her say too much about Black Rock Desert. That part of the trip must have been very, very difficult. They arrived and were reunited with their family just before the 4th of July, so it must have been really a nice celebration.

In those days, there were lots of men in the west, and there weren't very many women. Mr. Myron Lake was a veteran of the Mexican War. He became acquainted with grandmother and they were married. At that time Mother was ten, so that must have been September, 1864 when they came down to the site of Reno. You see, Nevada was still a territory in September. The following October, the very last day, the 31st, it became a state. So Grandmother and Mother lived briefly in the territory and then in the early days of the State of Nevada.

Well, now we go back again to Grandmother. She came to the site of the Riverside Hotel, which was then the Lake House, with the old wooden bridge across the river. Mr. Lake had improved the road for eight miles north and four miles south and was given a permit. That was a toll road, and he collected fees for using the road and bridge. And you think things are high now: it cost twenty-five cents to ride a horse across the bridge! Accordingly, they were also taxed for bringing their big freight wagons across. Of course, this must have been quite a bit of strain on that bridge when you think of the heavy loads that went across it, because they were freighting through to Virginia City, you see. At one time, mother had a very nice collection of the gold coins, the very tiny dollars.

This toll road was an interesting thing. There was a contest over this when they had to have some kind of permit or something for this toll bridge. This had been revoked; it had run through its time limit, I imagine. But Mr. Lake was determined that he was going ahead with this. So he had shut and locked the gates attached to his bridge across the Truckee River. And of course the Board of County Commissioners were the ones who had the authority to give or take away permits. At a regular meeting in 1872, they declared the bridge and road a public highway, and there was fine of not less than twenty-five dollars and not more than five hundred for anyone found guilty of obstructing the public highway. So it was quite a contest, and of course the county commissioners won. These men with their guns, you know.

Mother was a teenager and could help wait on the tables, and she did.

We say our town came in 1868, I believe. Then the hotel was filled with these people who were laying out the townsite. Mr. Hatch

was the man who was the head of this group that was laying out the townsite with his surveyors.

My grandmother was just a marvelous housekeeper, and in those days, travelers brought in bed bugs. This was the bane of her existence. They occasionally would lease the hotel and somebody else would run it. Then they lived in a little house where the Court House stands. There was just a little knoll and they had this little house. While the hotel was being leased they were living in this little house and one day they were downtown and the Riverside Hotel caught fire. They were in a store and somebody came in and told grandmother, and she said, "Oh, what a terrible loss of life." And the other person said, "Well, was there somebody in the hotel?" Grandmother said, "No, but there are lots of bed bugs!"

(One time they went on a trip, Mother's half-brother Charles Lake was two months older than my oldest sister. The mother and the daughter raised two little folks at about the same time. When they got the babies into this little wayside place, they put them down on a bed. They were asleep, and when they went in to look at them, the bed bugs were all over them! You know the good old days were not so good in some ways! Also, you would see this wash house outside. These things that go with pioneer living are just far away from being comfort.)

So, anyway, this first winter that they were down here, Mother went down and boarded with the Larcombe family in Glendale for a couple of months until spring came. Then she rode horseback, she and her brother who was two years younger. His name was Seymour and one of his Indian friends with their sense of humor called him "See-Less." Little Lily was too young and too delicate a child; she attained most of her education because of

reading. She could read upside down as well as she could the other way. She would take the newspaper and read it upside down as readily. She was a very brilliant child, very gifted, but she died. I think she was only eighteen when her baby was born. Her name was Everett; she had married William Everett. So we had this one cousin that my grandmother raised. His father took him later when he was old enough. He was a very odd and a very brilliant man, a graduate of our University of Nevada, a mining engineer and associated with mining all of his life. So we had this one cousin and Dean Bryant who was the son of Seymour Bryant. His little sister died of scarlet fever at the time he was born. There didn't seem to be an epidemic of scarlet fever; these were isolated cases and it's hard to say where they might have come from.

At the time that they were living there at the Lake House, there was a ranch on the north side of the river where the Champion family lived and where they were able, before they put in gardens, to get fresh vegetables during the summer months when they were in season and where they bought milk. Everyone was a diversified farmer at that time.

When the townsite was laid out (it gives an account of it in this newspaper clipping here) they put the lots up for bid. And believe it or not, some of them sold for as high as a thousand dollars a lot in 1868. Mother was there; and it was very exciting of course, a very exciting event in the town. They were trying to figure a name. "Judge E. B. Crocker suggested "Argenta" as he always did when a new station caught his eye, but his more dynamic brother Charles vetoed the suggestion. Charles Crocker chose to honor the memory of the late General Jesse Reno who had acquitted himself nobly in the Civil War, and besides, Reno is a name easily called through the cars."* It is very odd things come about, isn't it?

Reno started to grow from the very beginning. It came along a good bit like a mushroom, at first. Then after a good many years, it leveled off through a depression time.

At that time, Mother was a child who could sense all of this and remember it, which was a wonderful thing. She was a student, wanted to know everything, wanted to learn everything. This was what was so wonderful about Mother because her day and age didn't afford very much formal education. She got all of this through her reading. And anything she ever heard about all of her life that she didn't understand, she went right to the library and got books. One day she marched into a library and said she wanted a primer on a particular subject, not knowing whether there was such a thing or not. They had one and they brought it out and she informed herself.

Oh, she read Huxley and Darwin and all those things that were being talked of. People were just rabid over the Darwinian theory; they just lined up in two camps on that one. Of course, she had to read both sides. There was one time all this talk about the transplanting of the monkey glands and Mother said, "Ho, I'm not going to have monkey glands. When I get my transplant, I'm going to have wildcat glands!" She was witty and loved to joke. Way back in her early life Dickens' books were coming out in what you would call serial (a few chapters at a time). Grandmother and Mother were following his stories.

Later on in Mother's life after going briefly to the school down in Glendale, the school came to Reno and she went to the little school situated where the Methodist Church is. Then Grandmother put her in a convent school in Virginia City. That wasn't successful at all.

*Nevada State Journal, January 30, 1955, Supplement

At seventeen, Mr. Lake said to Mother, "Now which would you rather have? Would you rather have some lots in the new town, or would you rather go to school in Sacramento?" Well, she chose the school, and went to a girls' school in Sacramento. When she came home from that experience, she had a teacher's certificate; took the examination like they did in those days and had this certificate to teach. That was a brief career too, because she married at twenty and went to Franktown to live.

LIFE AT FRANKTOWN

September 20, 1874 was the date Dad and Mother were married. The legislature would be in session shortly, after they were married.

So Mother spent part of that winter in Carson with him. There was beautiful ball and other social affairs, going on.

That must have been an interesting and exciting time for a bride.

The little old table standing in my living room was in my father's kitchen in Franktown at the time my mother went there as a bride. It is one of my possessions that I treasure very much. Bess Evans Robinson has one like it. in her home that she acquired from the Bishop Whitaker School, when they were selling things and doing away with the school.

So then Mother started raising her family. There were six of us, sort of divided into little groups of three. There was Alice, Maud , and my brother Will. Then there was a six-year gap and then there was my brother Roy, myself, and my sister Ethel. So the older ones in the family, "Dockie" (Alice) for instance, (she was not a doctor then, of course. She was a school teacher for thirteen years and then studied

medicine) was thirteen years older. My sister Maud was eleven years older. They came in these two-year intervals, and then the six-year gap.

They were prosperous farmers, doing diversified farming. My dad had every kind of fruit you could think of on that ranch, everything; and then the small things like raspberries, and blackberries, and strawberries, and all of those things. Of course we had cows, pigs, peacocks. The peacock liked to spread his tail when he got into the pig pen. I'd never seen him strut as much as in the pig pen. We had beautiful cherry trees, very large. We lived on a little knoll, and about a quarter of a mile down to the road and along the fence by the road were these cherry trees. They were not grafted, or if they were grafted they retained a great deal of the wild cherry. We used to climb up and have bushels of fun in those cherry trees. When we had eaten all we could eat, we would squeeze them in our hands and rub the juice all over our faces. You can imagine how happy mother was with this when we came home!

Mother had a washer woman, an Indian with a little girl, Ida. She would bring Ida and we played with Ida just like children play together; children don't know about segregation if you don't teach it to them. So Ida was one of our companions and we got into the raspberry patch and ate all of the raspberries we wanted.

Down in our basement which was, of course, the old-fashioned cellar, there was a beautiful spring. It was all rocked up, and had been taken care of and developed for drinking water. It was crystal clear and cool. We didn't use for drinking water the water that came from the irrigation ditches that Father had fixed. He had a redwood tank built, and it had a cover to keep the water clean, and that we used for household use for kitchen and bathroom. But for our drinking water, we had that nice spring.

One of the earliest recollections the spring brings to my mind was the fact that my little sister was lost. Mother took me by the hand, (Ethel was two, I was four) and we searched and we searched and we searched for that baby. We went down and looked in the spring, we thought of everything. We went up into the orchards, and we then finally went down and across the road and through another gate. You had to go through a gate to get onto the road through another gate into the corrals and the stables on the other side of the road. We went with great trepidation and fear—I can see yet how frightened my mother was—and looked in the stable where we had the stallion that was father of our race horses. He was very mean and had killed a little goat that had been given to me. He just shook it to death. Mother finally got up her courage and looked in and there was the baby under the horse with a little whisp of hay stroking the horse; and he was standing absolutely still. My mother didn't know what to do, but she was a

very courageous person, so she knew that she must go in even if it did arouse the horse. She went in and he stood absolutely still and she took that baby out, got her out of that stall, and through that gate in a great hurry, I'll tell you. That was one vivid and breathtaking experience for me; I just never could forget it, never. We had searched until there was only one alternative, and that was to look there, and there the baby was. Just think of it.

Another of my early and vivid recollections, was this station where we got our mail and where the telegraph was connected to the V & T. We always drove down and got our mail. So Mother this day put the youngest two of us beside her and we drove down and got the mail. As we approached home, here was my brother, who was two years older than I on a flat bed wagon; and the horses were running away. She just stopped and jumped out and rushed to the head of those horses, great big work horses—she was just a little woman—and attempted to stop them. She did, but one horse just planted its hoof right on her head. Oh, my gracious, I can see her yet! They took her and put her in the bath tub and the blood was flowing. But the horses did stop, and he was taken off the wagon safe enough. There are the things that never go out of your head, and a lot of things, I suppose, you should remember but you really don't.

Oh, I want to tell you something else that is a little bit different. This happened before I was born. Mother was taking lessons from an artist, and doing some copying of some pictures; this was not at all original. One was a picture of a head of a child with long hair. I think it is quite famous, but I can't remember the name of the picture. She was doing that before I was born. When I arrived, it was said that I looked like that picture that she had been making. This became quite a little legend around the community. When I was

in high school, Vesta Rosenthal said to me, “Is it true that your mother used to sit in front of a picture before you were born, and wish and wish that you would look like it?” And I said, “Well, that doesn’t quite come out the way it really was.” This picture was in the house (it was crayon drawing, black and white) and we didn’t bring it to Reno when we moved. It was in there when the house burned. That is one of the things that we most regretted.

We came when I was eight years old to Reno. A lot of our things were left there, and the house was rented to some people when it burned. There was a new born baby, and her mother in the house. The man had built up a big fire and gone down to take care of stock, milk cows or something. The house took fire and they ran up and got the woman out, and the baby, and they got out one thing—I think it was a teaspoon—and laid it on the lawn and the rest of it was gone. I would certainly like to have had that picture.

The hair on one side of my head was just a little bit naturally curly. Mother used to put me up on the piano stool and let me play the piano while she fixed the curls around her finger. The way this hair on one side turned was just like the hair in the picture. This was a story that became bruited about, you see, to the place where my high school friends had heard it. I had never thought to tell it or anything, but someone else must have.

Mother had a tutor in French and she studied art and then of course she learned the Morse code so she could talk to the telegrapher at Franktown. She read Shakespeare, anything that she could get ahold of to read. So this is the way people got education. We were terribly proud of her.

We had the most beautiful flower gardens. Up there in Washoe Valley, the Lewers home was a show place with beautiful flowers. She had the smoke trees which were something, I

think, that had come from her native Scotland that were very unusual and different. The Canterbury bells were very fascinating things; I used to pick one and use it for a cup. They were something we always had in the yard and Mrs. Lewers and Mother used to exchange flowers; when one had something the other didn’t have, they would trade. There was a little snow drop that used to come up in the yard the first thing in the spring, under a spirea bush. The first thing in the spring, I would go out and see if the snow drop had come up, and tulips in front of the porch. One of my memories is of the round bed, and the catalpa tree in the middle. Down in the corner were the hollyhocks. Washoe Valley is full of springs and there is lots of water and so those things never were watered, they just came every year.

A fascinating thing was to see the evening primrose open. It opens in the evening after sunset. You go and you watch it very carefully, and all of a sudden, pop! It opens up, and it’s such a beautiful yellow flower. There were lots of those in the yard. And catnip grew—the cats would get down and roll around in it, and have the most fun. We had blackberry bushes and all these things that youngsters can prowel around in and sample.

Mother had a Stanley Steamer, one of the first cars that came out. And she learned to drive it. She was a very up to date person; she was always looking forward to the next year, the next week, something that was going to happen in the future. She didn’t like to look back; she didn’t enjoy reminiscing very much.

Now my sister, the doctor, was different. She liked to think about what they used to do when she had a glorious youth up there in Washoe Valley on that ranch. They roamed the hills, rode the horses, they did all these things that you do in the country. When the snow came they got out the sleds.

The year when I was born and Doctor was thirteen, we were snowbound for three weeks. We had this big cellar in the home, and she told me, "It just had everything in it, everything that you would need to eat." All kinds of fruit dried, all kinds of fruit in jars, all kinds of vegetables in bins; and there it all was. The three weeks wasn't too bad, except for the meat problem.

In Washoe City, there was a grocery and meat store. They ran the wagon through the valley with the meat. The driver would open up the back of the wagon, and Mother would go out and pick out what meat she wanted. This happened two or three times a week. So we just didn't go without anything that we wanted or needed. I remember that she had a great big flour sack full of nuts of all kinds, all the different varieties, pecans, walnuts, almonds, everything. We youngsters were always delving into that. You made an existence all on your own.

Everybody had cows; everybody could butcher and did butcher if necessary. The Cliffs particularly, our neighbors, always did butcher; they didn't depend upon outside sources for meat, but took care of it themselves. We had pigs, and I don't think we ever had any sheep. We did keep geese and ducks, and peacocks and Guinea fowl. The peacock were completely ornamental. They used the Guinea fowl to alarm the chickens when something was going to attack them. They could see a hawk way up in the sky, and they set up this wild clatter. If you have never heard a Guinea fowl you have missed something! We used to drive down to the old Franktown Station for the mail and go by the old blacksmith shop. There was an old man who ran the blacksmith shop, and we called him Bill Character. Whatever his name was I don't know, but he arrived at being Bill Character.

The school at Franktown was an interesting thing. Miss Linehan came to teach. Miss Linehan became Mrs. Flanigan, and then we had Ted Brandon. When I went to school, Ted Brandon was my first teacher. I wasn't very good, I'm afraid, but my sister Ethel, was. He called her up to read, and she had learned to read at home. So, when he listened to a couple of pages, he tried to stop her, but she went on for fifty-two before she ran down! Then when I came down to Reno, they didn't put me in the first grade; they put me in the third grade. I'm afraid Echo Loder had a job of getting me really founded in these things. Later on, Mr. Brandon was connected with the schools in Reno.

At the Franktown school, we had the Swinton's reader, and that became quite a famous word among the educators. This one poor teacher had to try to manage all the grades and subjects. Grace Lamb was in the eighth grade; she was the oldest in the school when I was a little gal in school. There were perhaps three or four in the Cliff family, there were two of us. I imagine there were, perhaps, twenty in the school.

Of course, we had to take our lunch to school, and we played in the school yard "Dare Base" and those things at the noon hour. We would also climb the hill. Across the road and up the hill a little way, there was this nice, gentle slope covered with pine needles. One time, I remember, we brought a sled down and kept it at the school house, and we used to slide on those pine needles. For our arithmetic, we used slates, the awful unsanitary thing of using slates. We had arithmetic, spelling, and reading. I think the older ones had history.

Oh, the day was so long, it was just terrible. And we ran way into June for the school term. One time we were all getting exhausted with the heat and everything, one of the boys raised

his hand and asked the teacher if we were going to have the 4th of July off! Of course, the Franktown school went, the Franktown station went, and the old hotel.

MY SCHOOL DAYS IN RENO

After we left Franktown, we attended the Southside School, a little wooden building where the first grade was. Mrs. Jennie K. Logan was a teacher that I remember, although I did not go to school to Mrs. Logan. She lived on Mill Street in a little old wooden house that is now part of the holdings of the Holiday Hotel. She had some old dogs that became a fixture in our community, they lived so long. She was a very, very fine teacher. I think she understood children and enjoyed children, although she never had any of her own. When Bernice De Hart (Browne) came to school, my sister Ethel used to call her “my little pupil,” because Mrs. Logan put her in the seat with Ethel so Ethel could help her. They were life-long friends.

My first teacher in Reno was Echo Loder, but the teacher that I thought was the finest of all the teachers was Helena Joy. She taught us more about how to control children than any teacher we were ever under. I think it was because of Miss Joy’s direction that I became a pretty good teacher even with a poor start in the Franktown school, where not much

attention could be given to any youngster. Miss Joy was a marvelous teacher.

She could handle two half-grades. She would stand up and dictate one word to one class in spelling and one to the other class. The spelling lesson could be put together by dictating, and we sat there and wrote the words. If we had, say, the high-fifth and the low-fifth, and we were in the low-fifth grade, we absorbed a great deal from just listening in on the higher grade. We got not only what was being given in our class, but the other too.

We started out the day usually with the teacher reading. Everybody became quiet very quickly, and then we had Miss Joy read some continuing story to us; that was very interesting. Those things happened all in that one room. Only the music teacher, Mrs. Layton came in.

Alice Layton was a breezy person; she breezed in and out, she sat down at the organ, and she started playing the organ and made music on it. No matter how many keys were missing, or how out of tune an organ was, she could sit down and make music.

It sounds incredible, but this woman could transpose at sight. She just had in her a great gift, and she was our music teacher. We got some part singing as we went along, too. She went around to all the grades.

The teachers had to teach drawing and that was the one thing that Helena Joy did not excel at, so she gave it very little attention. As I remember one last day of school, everything was finished and everything was done and so she said for all take out their pencils and their drawing paper and we would draw. I was no good at drawing. She set a vase up for us to draw and I just couldn't make anything that looked like a vase, so I showed mine to the little girl that sat across the aisle from me, Myra Saxton. We got into a fit of laughter—one of the few times that I ever got giggling in school. Miss Joy realized what we were laughing over, and she just let us laugh. It was the awfulest looking thing you ever saw!

History and geography and all just followed one after the other without a period of study. Sometimes there would be a short period of study, but we were supposed to prepare all work at home. This is the reason for carrying all this big load of books home. They were awfully heavy, but we learned a tremendous lot that I have retained to this day. We learned it, and thoroughly. So our day was filled with recitations, although when there were the two half-grades, one class would be studying while the other class recited. That was when we did get in some studying, but it didn't suffice for the whole thing, and we were sent home with homework. We were sent home with so many problems to do; and we had to produce them the next day. They had to be handed in. So we really had an awful lot drilled into us, the grammar, the spelling, the arithmetic, the conjugations, and all these things that we had to do!

When I came to Reno to school, we started history in the third or fourth grade; we started studying history and geography. We had two types of arithmetic. We had to learn oral arithmetic, solve problems with our minds, and some people can't retain figures in their minds. We went home with all of these books every night, just stacks of books. These little youngsters staggering home had to walk about a mile, at least a mile, with the geography on the bottom, and then the smaller books. We got a big strap and strapped them together, so they wouldn't all be falling down, and proceeded home. It was really a workout.

We had physiology. Way down in the grades, we learned all these things about the various circulations of the blood, how the blood circulates from the heart through the lungs and back, and then the venous circulation and all, and some of us could recite it in pretty good shape. I liked history, of course. I liked it very much and also geography.

After Miss Joy, we had Miss Northrup, and then Miss Whitman. Miss Whitman came into the school system as a graduate of Mills College. When we were little, John Edwards Bray was our principal, and then E. E. Winfrey. Orvis Ring was our superintendent. He was a man who was very interested in young people, and he helped a lot of them to get their education. Helen Fulton married one of his proteges, Frank Peterson. One of the Reno schools was named for Orvis Ring, and Libby C. Booth was the principal there for many years. Miss Bell was a teacher in Reno for very many years. Her father had been the Governor for 3 months. The Bell home, where the Gamma Phi house is now (1965) was a very elegant home.

Another teacher that I remember is Mary S. Doten. She was a venerable figure, and

a woman of great character. She was also a splendid disciplinarian. Alf Doten and Sam Doten were her sons. Her beautiful daughter Goodwin was one of our teachers. Goodwin Doten committed suicide. She fell in love with a doctor who came out here from the East. He wouldn't marry her because he had T.B. This was a great tragedy. He died not long after he left Reno, the following year or so, and she committed suicide.

We sold the ranch outside Reno to the Patricks, and for many years it was the Patrick ranch. It is now a part of our city. That ranch had belonged to my grandmother, and my mother bought it from her. It had been a nursery with a lot of trees there. Mother named it Rocky Ridge, because there were so many rocks. The Raymond I. Smith home is now on what was a part of the ranch. We walked from there to school, and being very conscientious youngsters, we would arrive sometimes shortly after eight o'clock. We got out of school at four o'clock, so that made it a very long day.

We carried our lunch, and we played games in the big old school yard. Did you ever hear of this game where they say, "Chickama-chickama-craney-crow, went to the well to wash his toe, when I got there. . ." something happened and then we said, "What time is it, old witch?" And she said what time it was and we ran for bases as hard as we could and she came after (the person that was in this circle) and we tried to get back to base before we were put in jail. They had a space marked off for the jail; and that made it a real exciting game. It was really a good game; we used to spend a lot of time doing that at the noon hour. That hour would go very quickly before we would go back to school.

I became a great lover of Dickens' books and practically wore them out reading them over and over again. I started to read

them when I was a child of twelve. Great Expectations was the one I kept going back and reading over and over again. So when my youngest daughter was a little thing we read Dickens together. When she got into high school she was the only one in the class who knew anything about Dickens' characters, and she and Mr. David Finch used to have lots of fun talking about these different characters in Dickens.

When we got into high school, we took up the Latin which was an absorbing thing. And word analysis. I was in a class that had word analysis and that wasn't given in a lot of the classes. I think it's very valuable to find out root words and how these words come from one root. You can pretty well identify what they mean, if you have that root word in you mind. We did an awful lot of amo, amas, amat! We were going to have an examination, we just learned it all. The opening sentence of the translation began, "Whither hasteneth thou, Aurora?" We took up algebra in the eighth grade; we studied under Mrs. Booth. Algebra was all right, but geometry and I didn't get along too well together. I think I was more the type that enjoyed literature and grammar and those things.

I think grammar is a very absorbing subject. We used to sit down in the dining room at the table and inevitably get into a discussion about words or pronunciation, derivation, or something. We had a big Webster's dictionary in the dining room. We had to refer to it during every meal; almost wore out our Webster's dictionary. The big influence is the home and what is taught in the home.

Mother was an avid student of something all of her life, and so we got a tremendous lot in our home through reading and things that she was interested in and things that were discussed in the home. My father died in 1904, when I was fifteen.

When we went to high school, it was where the Central School is now. I remember the pump at Central School, and how I pinched my hand in it one time. That was an excruciating experience. All the neighbors came from all around the neighborhood and got water at the pump. They were always coming. You could look out, and they were coming in several directions with containers to get water out of the pump.

Mr. Ted Brandon was our chemistry teacher. We did some experiments that weren't quite on our list. He came in one day unexpectedly and sniffed the air and discovered that we were making candy! Ralph Seagraves used to do my experiments; I wasn't very good at that. The Seagraves family lived down on Mill Street. They were early day people in our community. They became quite prominent; Seagraves was quite a well known name in our whole United States. We had very poor equipment for our chemistry work, and the laboratory was almost nil. It was in the basement of the old Central School building. There were no funds for that sort of thing at all. Because it was just all gone to pieces, we might as well make candy—anything that we would have tried wouldn't have been much anyhow.

When the earthquake and fire in San Francisco happened, one of the boys in school was going to climb into an old big pot-bellied stove. One girl took all of her books out and held them in her lap so there wouldn't be so much weight on the floor! School had to be dismissed; too many of us became hysterical over the thing, and they just had to dismiss school the day of the earthquake and fire.

Reno High School was really something. We had some awfully big boys in school and they weren't always behaving themselves, so the discipline problem erupted once in awhile. There was a very severe encounter

when Mr. Brandon attempted to discipline one of the older boys. Sollie Lochman and he had some physical encounters that weren't too happy. But for the most part, this discipline was something women could handle beautifully.

RAMBLING THROUGH RENO

Most of the buildings in early-day Reno were just wooden buildings. The sidewalks were also wooden and had different elevations. We came along the west side of Virginia Street and crossed the old iron bridge, and we went on the north side of the river, and right there was the livery stable. Then we crossed First Street and went in front of the first building. Then we went up three steps and went a long time at that level of space. Then we went up two more steps and there was the Raquet Store. The Racquet Store was similar to the Woolworth Store where there was a variety of things. We used to buy pencils, erasers and things for school. I went in one day with pennies in my hand and they scorned them; they wouldn't take pennies. Now everywhere you go everybody asks you, "Do you have a penny?" But in those days pennies were just scorned. They just didn't have anything to do with them. Then on that block, there were several stores that really didn't impress themselves on me enough to remember at this time what they were.

In the next block after we crossed Second was the Sunderland Store. Mat Paret had a store. And there was a drugstore. I have a pretty good memory of that one. Then when we came to the corner and went up Commercial Row to Sierra in front of the buildings, at the end of that block was a sidewalk that was slippery because it was a marble sidewalk. It was so slippery in the winter time that we had to be very, very cautious. Then of course after we crossed the railroad tracks, (this is the way I progressed to school) here was the Coffin and Larcombe grocery store where my grandmother always traded. Having installed the first telephone line, she was the owner of the telephone company, the first one. She would call up in very early days and order her groceries, which were delivered.

Our streets were horrible, because when there was a storm of any kind there was a sea of mud, and the poor old horses had to pull like anything to get a wagon through. This was quite a feat.

Well, then, we went along past the Sam Wheeler home. It was one of the outstanding homes, all fenced and the yard beautifully kept. And for many years when we were youngsters, located around the corner from the Wheeler home (that's Fourth Street,) was Mr. Hymers. Mr. Hymers was the owner of one of our livery stables; Mrs. Hymers was our music teacher—all of us took from Mrs. Hymers. Then we had another music teacher in our community. She was located on West Street on a block south of the high school; she had a lot of pupils. That was Mrs. George Sauer. Mrs. Hymers had a fine musical background and education. Her pupils really learned a lot of good music. Mrs. Sauer taught a more popular type of music. Those were our two outstanding music teachers in the community for piano.

Then across the street from Hymers, on the opposite corner, was the Hall home. At that time, the Hall children were too young for school, they were usually all in the yard when we went by to school. Day after day the children came out especially to see the bigger youngsters on their way to school.

Now to go back to other buildings, on the opposite side of Virginia street, on the east side, there was this big, old building that had been originally started for a mill and then it was abandoned. My father put that up. It was a flour mill and it wasn't appropriate to have it in the middle of town, so he rebuilt it farther down the river. That flour mill operated for very many years. It is so far back in history that a lot of people would doubt that, but that's the way it was. So their building, partly finished, was used for a time. I may be mistaken about my dad putting it up; it may have been Mr. Lake that put it up and started it as a mill. They used it for dances and afterwards the Salvation Army had it for quite a bit of time. This was standing where the Mapes Hotel is standing now.

Then across First Street on the east side, there was a Chinese laundry and a saloon or two. We always stuck to the west side of the street because the east side wasn't the desirable side of the street. But the buildings were not in very good condition and not occupied by anything that was very high class. (This is going way back before the turn of the century when I was a little girl. I was born in 1889.) That east side of the street in the next block had Brookins Store and they had soft-drinks, ice cream, and so-forth. And there was a shoe store where Frank Coffin worked and where we bought our shoes. Those were the two outstanding things.

To go back to the west side, the Nevada Bank was on that side. It was real old; it was located there for many years, but I'm not aware of just when it was put up and when it was used as a bank. The bank built it, and then there were offices up above.

In the early days, we had a famous murder case. Foley was shot by a woman who claimed that he was the father of her child. Well, it happened that my husband, Laurence and his mother went to see this woman (Mrs. Hartley) just before the murder. We know it was just before the murder because she came to the door and she was dressed in white men's clothes—those days it was something—and said that she wouldn't be able to talk with them. She was an artist and Mother Gulling was an artist too. She had little Laurence by the hand and she had gone up there to see this person. They went back down on the street and had progressed only about three blocks when somebody came along and told them that Foley had been shot. She had said to them, "I'm going to Carson, so I won't be able to talk with you." We thought maybe she thought she was going to the Carson penitentiary. Mrs. Hartley was pregnant, when this murder happened and she was not

put in the jail, but she was incarcerated in a home on State Street, in a brick home. They kept her there under guard. The baby was born there. My grandmother and my sister Maud went to call on her after the baby was born and she had a picture of the baby. She showed it to them and said, "Now, doesn't that look just like Foley?" This bank building makes me think of the Foley case, so it must have been there many years, one of the earliest buildings and occupied by the Nevada bank.

Across the railroad tracks, the Bradley Building (it has just lately been torn down and a parking lot is going in there) was one of the old buildings in the city. The W. O. H. Martin family lived on Mill Street in a very ornate and beautiful home. They were very prominent people and connected some way with this Bradley business; partners I believe. Then their daughter Anne Martin, became a very famous character, really well-known in the whole United States on account of the women's suffrage movement.

I must not forget to mention the Richard Ryland family. They came here from Eureka. Eureka had been quite a settlement in the early days, and when the mines were going down hill, the Rylands migrated into Reno. Mr. Richard Ryland was a very thrifty man; he had a beautiful wife and a beautiful daughter, Kitty Ryland, who and was one of the belles. She always carried her parasol to avoid the sun and getting freckles and had lovely clothes. And then there was the son. He was the kind that we raise when we are very careful of our money, and along comes the son and he just spends the money. His first name was Richard. Mr. Ryland owned quite a bit of property in the near southeast part of Reno and therefore Ryland Street was named for him. He lived on the corner of Virginia where the Ryland building is. They had a sentimental affection for their home, so when they were going to

build a new building there, they moved the home. It is in the southwest part of our city now. The granddaughter of Mr. Ryland lives there. The Ryland home originally was the Hatch home. Mr. Andrew Hatch was the surveyor in our community who laid out the townsites and lived at the Riverside Hotel. Mother, of course, knew Mr. Hatch.

Mr. Ryland owned a piece of Block Twenty, the block where my home is located, and for some reason or another, there was a pie-shaped piece that started at the end of the block and ran out to practically nothing at the end. He used to say, "Mrs. Thompson, you ought to buy that from me, you ought to buy that from me." He urged her on until she did buy it and straightened up her Block Twenty piece of property. We were grateful to him for urging her, because it would have been a very bad thing to have two owners. A strip of ground like that was of no value actually, and could be a very great nuisance and nothing else.

The Ryland family were very prominent, but very quiet and retiring. I don't think Mrs. Ryland entered into any of the social affairs, but we could see the Ryland ladies sitting out on their front porch, dressed in beautiful gowns. We wore white with lots of ruffles and long dresses in those days. I remember Kitty and her mother Mrs. Ryland, would be sitting on the front porch all dolled up so pretty. They used to sit out on the front porch steps and entertain themselves.

Father raised race horses. We used to have fast horses and nice buggies and phaetons and things like that, and people would go out in the evening for rides. However, the streets were very bad; they were in very poor condition. I remember one winter when we used to walk to school for the most part. But sometimes it was just impossible, and the family would have to hitch up a horse and

take us. I remember that the mud was at least two feet deep in some spots. This clay that a lot of our city is built on was sticky as all get out! It would gather on the wheels of the rig and make them four times their ordinary size. And I remember that this young man came out, and said, "You pull, and I'll push." He was shoving on the back of our wagon until the horse pulled it out of the mud. So we can be so very thankful for good streets now.

The Barbers, lived in the home where First Street and Riverside Drive divide, on that pie shaped piece of property. He was a well-to-do merchant in our community. Louis Barber has not been gone so very long, I forgot how many years ago he passed away. Mrs. Frederick Herz was his cousin. The mothers were sisters. Elda Barber was a classmate of mine and a very beautiful girl, a blonde with a flawless complexion. There were two brothers; the one brother has been gone for many years and Louis was the oldest of the three children. The Barbers were in the hardware business and Mr. Barber was owner of the building on Commercial Row where the lodge hail was up above. Louis Barber, I understand, left that building to his cousin, Mrs. Frederick Herz. They were very, very fine people with an elegant home.

Elda took music lessons, with the rest of us from Mrs. Anne Hymers.

My grandmother's home was on the corner of California and Virginia, and it still stands there. Then next door was the Flanigan home. Grandmother sold a piece of property that was bought by the Flanigans and they built a beautiful home. He was a Washoe County Senator. Some of his family still live in our community—the daughter Helen and one or two of his sons. John was one of the sons. And there was Paul Flanigan who founded a very prominent family. The Flanigan home was on the west side on Virginia Street just

where Eagle Thrifty stands. There was the Herz home where one of the Herz family still lives by herself, and then the Flanigan home, and the Thoma home. That was that block. Across the street on the slant from the Thoma home was the Dalton home. They became wealthy through farming in our community. Their home was moved from Virginia Street and is now on East Liberty. It is a boarding house or something of the kind now. Then the Scheeline home was near there. Of course he was one of our prominent bankers. Where the service station is on Virginia was the old fashioned Kinkead home. It was set up, and one used those basement rooms. They were very prominent in politics. Their home was there for many years. We were in the residential section of our city at that time. Just down the Street a little ways was one of our prominent attorneys, Judge Dodge. They had no children, so Mrs. Dodge had a lot of little dogs. We would see those little dogs when we walked by to school.

A little farther along was the George Taylor home; he was connected with the Washoe County Bank. Harold and Doris were the Taylor children. They had a big piece of property there and their home had lots of yard. So that's the block before you come to Court Street and get into the block with the Court house and the Riverside.

A person we met on the way to school very, very frequently was Johnny Hays. He was our assessor and he had a peculiar walk. He put his toes down first, it gives a different gait. You know how people walk differently that have worn wooden shoes for generations back of them. Johnny Hays was a bachelor and not too much was known about him until he passed away. Then it was disclosed that he never had become an American citizen; he was a Canadian. And all this time he was holding public office. This created quite a

sensation! The local people were quite, quite excited over the fact that Johnny Hays had been drawing money from the public funds and he wasn't even a citizen.

Outside the Riverside when the Gosses owned it was a little playhouse for Marguerite; she's Mrs. Clark now and lives in Missouri. She had one brother Harry who died very early in the first World War when he was in the service, so Marguerite was practically an only child.

The Gosses and the Mudds and their people came from the Isle of Man to Virginia City. They brought in lots of the miners they called "cousin Jacks" who understood deep mining. I don't think they had mined gold or silver, but coal mining was their forte before they came in here. Mona Toogood who still lives in our community came from the Isle of Man. Bessie Eccles, who married one of our young and prominent people who became a millionaire, came from the Isle of Man.

The Chinese were in a little group; you know how the ethnic groups will gather. There was a part of town which was Lake Street and below; we called it China town. We had many good friends among the Chinese and of course they gave all their friends litchi nuts and the Chinese candies; they always came to our house with presents. They did a tremendous lot of setting off firecrackers and that kind of thing for their Chinese New Year. The Chinese people were the people that worked in the homes. They were brought in for putting in the railroad and then remained. They ran the Chinese laundries and Chinese restaurants, and they did yardwork and laundry work in the home, and some lived in the homes.

We had so very few of the ethnic groups that you could identify. The Chinese gathered together in a little group, but none of the other ethnic groups. They were scattered throughout the community which is a very

good thing, because when they don't gather together and retain all of their old customs and their old language and all that, they become Americanized much sooner. Our people were just quickly amalgamated; the "melting pot" was working just fine here because they were all through our community.

There was a prominent German, Mr. Wedekind, the piano tuner. All the years that he was a piano tuner, he went through the valleys and came to the home and tuned your piano. He was one of the few Germans that I remember. He spoke very broken English, so that when he asked my little sister for a feather duster, she came to Mother and said, "He says he wants a flitter toaster." Mother had to go and solve the mystery of what it was. The piano tuner wanted something to brush the dust out of the piano. He was a very good piano tuner and became rich from a gold mine he discovered right north of Sparks.

All the time that he was tuning pianos, he was looking for gold. He found it in the Wedekind Mine outside of Sparks. It was a pocket mine; he found this very rich mine and it played out, as they used to say. It wasn't a vein; it was a pocket of ore there. He sold the mine to Governor Sparks, and Governor Sparks lost a lot of money on the mine at Wedekind. Now they're building homes out there on that hillside, very lovely homes right where the mine was, and I imagine if anybody kept delving, they might come across another pocket and find something very rich.

The Beckers were German, I think from different part of the country. There is as much difference in the Germans as in many of the others. As we have the blonde Italians and the very dark Italians, we also have that in the German people. Mr. Wedekind was of the blonde German and the Beckers of the dark Germans. The Becker girls were very beautiful women—very, very handsome—but more

toward an olive skin and dark hair. Beckers was the resort, that was the place everybody went. It remained popular for fifty years. It was the popular place to go after the theater or after whatever activity was going on.

The Herz family were German, high class jewelers. There were the two little gentlemen; they were small people and they were aristocrats, I would think you would call them. They were wonderful jewelers that knew their business very well. Today they have the old cases in the Herz jewelry store, their jewelry cases they moved from the old jewelry store. They're elegant pieces, you know, you couldn't find any finer jewelry cases than those were. And there was always that hushed atmosphere; -nobody ever spoke very loudly or very sharply in the Herz jewelry store. Fred Herz' father was a collector of violins; he had some very, very choice violins. They were people who enjoyed the finer things in life' in every respect. Of course, as today, they stood behind their merchandise, anything they sold was good. They have always been highly respected people in the community.

I think these are fascinating things, the people who make up our community. Our Italian people have become such fine citizens, and in two generations they have become complete Americans. They have married girls of other blood sources and have become complete Americans. Some of our finest citizens are the Italian people. I met many of them when we were at the testimonial dinner for District Attorney Raggio. At the table, where there must have been twenty of us, only four people weren't Italians. They are very fine looking people; in every way just the finest kind of citizens.

Nora Wilson's people were Italians. Her mother was a very handsome woman and her sister, Mrs. Irene Leeper is a very handsome person. Our Italians were farmers, and the

type of people that were very thrifty with an objective in their lives always. They saved their money and put it aside to invest in business property. So many of our community have done that; been farmers until they acquired business properties, so they own good business blocks in the heart of our city.

Professor Wilson lived at my grandmother's house when Nat (Wilson) was a baby. Nat is one of the people that is still alive that was at our wedding fifty-four years ago. My sister Maud and Nat Wilson were at Laurence's and my wedding. We had been friends all of our lives and my sister Ethel and Nat Wilson had gone together as had Laurence and I. The four of us had gone everywhere together for years. That's how come he was the one that didn't belong to the family who was at the wedding. Nat is a druggist now at one of the Hale Drug Stores. His father left the university and opened the drug store way back in the early days. But before this, we had the Hodgkinson Drug Store. That was the drugstore for many years. People didn't have a number of pills to take as they do now, you know. We're great pill takers these days; we didn't do it in those days.

Dr. John E. Lewis was our young doctor; he and Mother went to school together. And Dr. Hogan and Dr. Bergstein were some of the names I remember of some of our early doctors. I remember Dr. Hogan so well, because we were taken down there to have a vaccination. He was at that time the old doctor, white hair; I remember him so vividly.

This was an exciting thing to get this scratch made on your arm and this injection put in. And worse luck, I had to go back again because it didn't take. And of course, we said, "Where are we going, where are we going?" And Mother said, "Oh, we're just going down here." She was a little alarmed that we might stampede and run away. Dr. Hogan was very

kind; you couldn't find a nicer, more kindly man. Certain people of certain dispositions should become doctors and others shouldn't. He was very understanding and just as gentle as he could be. We dreaded this thing, though, of having this scratch. This always hurt, and that was the association we had, but it barely raised the skin and then he would put this little injection in. Mother depended upon Dr. Hogan; he was the man she called. Perhaps she had more feeling of security with Dr. Hogan on the job, but Dr. John E. Lewis took care of some of our people.

In those days the dresses were so elaborate that when you dressed up it really showed! The materials in them seemed to last forever, but elaborate with all kinds of beads and fringe and tucks and they just couldn't seem to load them up with enough ornamentation. Now we go in for these simpler things.

It was a terrific thing to keep these clean and to launder and iron. There was always, in those days, help in the home. And the ironing was one of the biggest chores because the skirts were long. And there wasn't just one petticoat, there were six or so, all dragging on the ground. If a lady lifted her dress a bit to show her ankles, it was a matter of comment, you see; you mustn't pick it up to avoid the dirt. For the people who worked in the homes, this was one of their biggest jobs. Mother always had help of some kind until she had raised her family. She was so relieved, so glad, when the day came when she didn't have to have help in the home, and could take care of it herself. Of course, having four daughters, we could manage to take care of the home and the laundry. But I remember how we stood and ironed, she with one ironing board and the iron and I with another, four hours steady. That was one full day's work; eight hours a day right there ironing. Just think. Now things are very much simpler, and all to the good.

My grandmother used to spend a lot of her time on the patchwork quilts. For years and years I had in my home the patchwork quilt that my grandmother had made, and it was the delight of our lives to pick out, "Well, I remember this dress grandmother had." In those days, they wore not housecoats but wrappers; and she had this beautiful one of woolen material, just a beautiful one, and part of that was in the quilt later on. Of course, she was a small woman, just full of vitality and working at something all the time, so she had beautiful fancy work, and for the most part she had Chinese help or some help in her home.

In those days with those thick, thick carpets, they had to sweep by hand. Those carpets came off the floor once a year and they put them a line and beat them and cleaned them thoroughly! My! The housekeeping in those days was a tremendous task! But Grandmother had time to do fancy work and was never idle a minute. I remember all of her energies, seeing her tear around. The ladies all did this sort of thing, and that was the sort of thing they all occupied their time with.

I can remember in the 1920's and '30's when E. E. Roberts was the mayor, and we bought Idlewild Park. Why, the uproar that ensued over that was perfectly appalling!

Why, the idea of doing such things, buying that piece of land, paying all that money for something that would never be used! That was a terrible extravagance! And look at it today; it's just full of people all of the time, enjoying the outdoors. Such a fine thing and if it hadn't been acquired, then it would have been too late.

It happens that Mayor Roberts was a particular friend of Laurence's (Mr. Gulling) mother. They had been friends over a long period of time, and so Laurence was very well acquainted with E. E. Roberts and spent quite a lot of time with him, and was connected with

the city at the time. He was in the city clerk's office.

So we remember E. E. Roberts very well. During the exposition of '27, Laurence spent a lot of time helping B. B. Roberts entertain out-of-town guests and that sort of thing.

Mayor Roberts had been a congressman. He was quite an outstanding figure politically. He did have political influence, and he had a broader viewpoint than a lot of our people who had spent their lives just in Reno. His failing was liquor. Under his administration I think we did do quite a lot. I remember that in the city clerk's office, my husband used to go out and collect the licenses from the different businesses. So he had a gun that he always carried, and he carried this money into the city clerk's office. I think it was when Roberts was the mayor that we did away with this system (which was really a hazardous thing) and that the business men were expected to come in and pay their licenses. Several very good things were done during his administration. If you don't look toward the future, you are failing your community.

We used to have street car lines; that was a hazardous thing too. We would arrive at the foot of the hill at the campus with great speed, run up the hill and up the steps and into Miss deLaguna's French class breathless. Then she would call on us to recite! We used to ride the street car line out to Moana; that was interesting.

My cousin, Ira Conkey, had some of the first automobiles in the community and occasionally he would take us clear out to Moana, although for the most part we rode on the street car lines. He had a little car that had a seat backed up to the front seat.

There was a back, but there was another little seat that faced one way and the front seat faced the other direction. When the roads were full of rocks and deep chuck holes,

you had to hang on for dear life as you sat in that seat folded back to back with front seat. Everyone envied us when we got into my cousin's car and had a ride.

Oh, yes, we saw Ely. Ely came to town with his plane and went up and stayed up, I think, forty minutes, maybe as long as that. That was 1910 or 1911 when that happened; I was just about to be married.

I have an early recollection of seeing the Indians in a circle down under the bridge. They were gamblers, and they would sit in a big circle down under the old iron bridge. There was quite a river bank there. You see, the bridge extended on over to the land, and there was quite a retreat there where it was shady. Who could peek over the bridge and see them sitting there playing a game that they played with sticks. The players were Indian women, I believe.

Of course, they used to sit on the streets, too; that was the thing they would do. They had the habit of going and sitting on a step in front of a place of business.

We passed a curfew law making it obligatory for the Indians to be out of the city at eight o'clock at night. The bell used to ring in the Fire House—the old Central Fire House—at eight o'clock, and they were pretty well out of town. The Indians observed that; it was pretty carefully taken care of.

It was against the law to sell liquor to the Indians. All of their savage instincts would seem to come out if they got liquor. They carried knives, and they became belligerent and fought and cut each other up. So they didn't allow them to have liquor. But the bootlegging thing went on in those days, and they got hold of some liquor and they were not a good element to have in town then.

So they passed the curfew.

Our Indian friends were way back when Mother was just a girl. The government

officials gave this Indian chief a uniform of, I guess, the Civil War. He was very proud of the suit and the brass buttons on the blue, heavy material. He called them "Policeman Buttona." He would tap himself on these buttons, and he was very proud. We knew him as Captain Jim until he was an old man. He came to see Mother when he was an old man; and he brought his wife, and he sometimes had two to three. They didn't confine themselves to one wife. But our old friend Sarah resented this second wife business very much, so when her husband appeared in her campoodie, she ordered him out. She said, "You no come here and eata my flour, eata my sugar, . . ." and she recited them one by one. He was eating her provisions. She said that he should go live with that other wife. There was a very funny incident when Captain Jim came to visit. He just moved in and sat down. My sister Maud was a young woman, and she attempted to invite him out after some time, the visit had lasted for quite a while. He said, "Let your mother talk." He wasn't going to listen to her. The government somehow made some type of deal with him on land or something of the kind and bestowed a title on him, and gave him the Civil War suit to wear and made him feel important.

I think the Indian character is an interesting one. Our friends were mainly among the Washoes. There had been a big battle back in the early days between the Paiutes and the Washoes. The conqueror wouldn't let the conquered have any ponies; they couldn't ride ponies, they had to walk for a hundred years. This was a part of the truce or agreement. The Paiutes had been the conquerors and they had taken away the ponies so the Washoes couldn't ride ponies. The Washoes were fewer people, was the reason they were conquered. They seemed also to be a higher class type than the Paiutes.

Our friend, Sarah, who used to come and do the washing kept us acquainted with all the gossip among the Indians. She loved to talk, but they are a type of people that if you tease, they clan up and can't get a word out of them. (And children are very apt to tease; we teased one of my dad's hired men one day and lost him his hired man.) Anyhow, Sarah would tell us about all the Indians and their affairs. Those Indian people had to wear all the clothes that they owned because they had no way to keep them. They just naturally went anywhere and helped themselves to anything. If the Indian woman was given a dress by a white person, she put it on. I remember when I was a bride, giving some skirts to an old Indian lady who washed for me. She couldn't get the skirts on; she was only just about twice as big as I was around the middle. So she took the skirts and draped the tops over her belt and hung them around her; it took about four to go around her!

The local Indians were gathered together, and put into a colony and segregated, but originally they just lived anywhere in the surrounding territory. Some of them had what they called campoodies made of animal skins and the pole in the middle. If they were really wealthy, they could get together a cabin and have a cabin; a one room affair. But lots of them lived in the old tents for a long while. There wasn't a camp near here that I remember. If there was a death they always moved. They immediately departed and put up their tents somewhere else. The local Indians evidently were not farmers, they just were hunters and fishermen by nature. They fished and hunted for provisions, they didn't raise gardens. I guess they are not vegetable eaters. They used to come with sacks of pine nuts; they would trade you a whole barley sack of pine nuts for a box of crackers. We used to buy crackers in wooden boxes, and I

remember distinctly trading a box of crackers of a whole barley sack of pine nuts. I have seen them taking the pine nuts after they are out of the shell, grinding the pine nuts up and making a meal out of them (they were dry). They would take the instrument made out of rock and grind them up. I've seen the old Indians do that. I have never seen what they did the next step, but they must have mixed it with water or something and made a kind of cake out of it; otherwise I don't know why they would grind it up.

We were always timid about going in their homes; that's something we didn't do. We would stand a long way off and look at them.

I have heard them at night with their death chant it's the weirdest sound. Up there in Franktown, there was a death among the Indians, and the singing went on all night, this chanting thing. It's real eerie when you're out in the country, and it's dark and this weird thing is going on! I've seen them do some of their dances, but they are standoffish about that type of thing because they didn't like the white people coming. You had to be a pretty good friend to be included in any of that, in my day. I think it's altogether different now. Reverend Hersey up in Carson City had worked among the Indians all his life. They would come and put on their dances for him. When he grew old and couldn't get around, they came to his house. One time when we were visiting, they did some of their dances.

We get this through hearsay about the time they hanged the man from the bridge. He shot the night watchman, and in very great haste, a crowd gathered him up and hung him from one of the supports of the bridge. Then the night watchman didn't die, and the fellow who shot him was gone, and it was too late to do anything about it. The grinding of the wheel of the law enforcement may not be so fast, but it's really better. The man who

was the leader of the group who hung this person was a delivery man who came to my grandmother's house. He delivered some sort of groceries or meat or something. The way my sister, the Doctor, told the story, when grandmother saw him the next morning, she gave him a good scolding because she was a woman who believed in law and order. She berated him in no uncertain terms. I think that for the most part Reno people didn't resort to that sort of thing. But when you have a leader that can incite people, then you get this type of thing, which was a real blot on the record of the city of Reno.

For the most part, I think we are pretty law abiding people. When we were youngsters, one night we went to Charlie Sites' house, and whistled and called to him to come out. It must have been about eight o'clock in the evening, and the constable, the night watchman, came up and told us that we weren't allowed to make this kind of a disturbance. We weren't doing anything that was destructive or anything. Now teenagers throw rocks through windows of public buildings and new homes that are being built which is a terrible thing. We were on our own, and our people trusted us to do what was right. Nat Wilson, Laurence, Blair Menardi, Charlie Sites, and Chester Coffin, and Lester Summerfield and all those people grew up to be quite respectable citizens.

Leeper was our sheriff and his son was an accountant in our community for many years. The son passed away not too many years ago.

I remember another thing that is interesting as far as law enforcement is concerned. Howard Browne and his brother George Browne are still residents of the community. Their father was a policeman, and he was patrolling. He was on his job when these two German boys going through on a train which stayed here a half an hour. These German boys were thinking that they

were out in the wild west, you know, and they became frightened. They thought this policeman was going to try to arrest them or something and they shot and killed him. He left his little family of five or six children. The boys just had to pitch in when they became old enough; sell papers, and work for the N. E. Wilson Drug Company. Now Howard is one of our fine attorneys. He went to Harvard and Yale. George is an accountant, a very fine man who worked for the bank for many years. They really had an uphill pull because they lost their father this way.

I was wondering about the building that is going to be put up there in front or at the site of the State Building. One of the County Commissioners informed my husband that it will encroach on the lots that my father deeded in 1891, that this new building will go clear to the fountain. This is too bad, because my father was a forward-looking man when in 1891 (before we were an incorporated city), he deeded those lots for perpetual park purposes. This is what it says on the deeds. They were handwritten in those days in beautiful script. We've looked at them often. We have protested often the destruction of the park, and we will make one more move, but we will lose because that is just what is going to happen. Anyway, we prevented the Hospitality House from being put there, and we had the backing of a great many people in our community.

The first time I protested, the city was going to put the state building there; they were going to tear off all of the trees and put the building in the middle. At that time, Silas Ross was on the council and I went down and said I was protesting. He said, "Why, Mrs. Gulling, you wouldn't protest a beautiful building like that." And I said, "Oh, but I would, most strenuously. Any city can have buildings but it can't have a spot of green like that. Even if you didn't sit in it, to rest your

eyes on it is something." And so, of course, they bought where the State Building stands from Mrs. Call who was one of our early-day people in our community. She was the owner, and they bought that piece and set the building back. That was so much better, because now it does sit back there and has some ground in front of it, which is what large buildings should have according to my idea. So then they got the building built, my word, they had no way to get in. They said, "Well, you wouldn't mind if we put the steps over some on those lots." So now the steps are standing on some parts of the lots that were deeded in 1891, for perpetual park purposes. The word perpetual is a little bit difficult to get around.

Many years ago, we had two separate water systems; one on the south side and one on the north side. And this was the water that we got from Hunter Creek, up in the mountains. At the time the city took over this water system, the people who sold it were to furnish the fire hydrants with water without charge. At this point we pay three dollars for every fire hydrant that we have in our city, and this is an expense that adds up.

SOCIAL LIFE IN RENO

To have any entertainment in the early days, lots of it had to be just home fun.

The Lunsfords sang, the Finlaysons sang, and Mrs. Hall sang. Mrs. G. W. Hall went abroad and studied voice with some teacher. I believe she was in Italy for more than a year. Her daughters were Hazel and Thelma. They were handsome women, and the father was good-looking, too. Hazel lives on the coast; Thelma married into one of the old families in our community—Cowles one of the prominent stock raisers and politicians too. I think there were two children in her family. They still raise cattle near Wadsworth. Mr. Cowles was one of our state assemblymen. He was in his nineties when he passed away.

When we were youngsters, we had parties in the homes. We had a little group called the Jolly Dozen, twelve of us girls. Ruth Stubbs was one of them; Margaret Torreyson whose grandfather was a very prominent judge in Carson City; and Margaret Fulton whose father was very well known. Then the Herz girls, Elsie and Emma, were members of the Jolly Dozen, and Any Strasberg. Strasberg

was an early merchant, and his son Fred was a banker. He worked in the bank here and then went to Fallon to be connected with the bank there, and then came back to Reno afterwards.

I remember the Evans family. Mrs. J. LaRue (Bess) Robinson of the Evans family was a graduate of Stanford. Their home was always open to the Jolly Dozen because Rowena Evans was one of our members. We had many, many parties in her gorgeous home. They were people who dressed for dinner and this sort of thing. Bess Evans was tall and stately and very gorgeous. When I was in college, she had graduated from Stanford but she used to come to the college dances sometimes. Well, we thought, why would a person as old as that want to come to a college dance! I think she was four to six years older. Age is an important factor all of your life.

Chester Coffin and other boys formed their group, and they used to beau us around; Lester Summerfield, Chester Coffin, and Harvey Payne and Laurence Gulling. We also had many parties up at the Coffin home, and at Amy Strasberg's home. It was a big one; it

stands up here on South Center and Liberty, a boarding house now. We also met at Helen Hobbins; in the Hobbins house on North Virginia. I'll tell you who else was in that group, Charlie Sites; he became a very well-known college professor in the east. He was awarded an honorary degree by our university a few years ago, but was not able to come out. Charlie was always in our group. The Menardi family was prominent here and left here for the Hawaiian Islands; Blair Menardi was one of the boys. They had a music store, and left here and became very wealthy in the Hawaiian Islands, growing sugar. So we had this very nice group. It was formed when these youngsters were about ten years old and was an organization that lasted for twenty years.

At our meetings, we played Wink, and that kind of parlor game, but we very seldom got into the "post office" game. (I don't know if many people know what a "post office" game was; it was a kissing game). With Wink, the girls sat in a circle on chairs and the boys stood behind the chairs and they winked at a girl. The one who did the winking stood behind a vacant chair and the girl he winked at had to jump up and get into this chair. Very, very interesting game.

Of course, we also danced; we had lots of dancing parties. Mrs. N. E. Wilson and Mrs. Torreyson ran a dancing school. We all went to dancing school and had wonderful times. They had the dances in the old Babcock kindergarten auditorium, upstairs. Then later on, Mrs. Wilson opened a dancing school above the Hilp Drug Store, and we went there and dances. She gave public dances there. That is more recent, during the first World War. Then Mrs. Wilson built a building in the rear of their own home and had dances there for many years. She was also the organist, very much of a musician. She was the organist in the Congregational Church for many years

when Reverend Mears was the pastor there. So Mrs. Wilson devoted a great deal of time to her church music and to the dancing.

The Wilsons were very interested in theatricals. They had a group who did some amateur work in theatricals, and had a lot of fun with it.

They would have just a whole big group up at their house. I don't know where they put on these theatricals, but I imagine they put them on at the McKissick Opera House.

We always called N. E. Wilson "Pa Wilson." He was just part of our family from the time he came out here and stayed at my grandmother's house. We always thought he was such a splendid person. He was so good to so many boys, helped them through school, did so much for our community. He was one of the mayors of our city; he was a real civic-minded person. He was writing his memoirs years before he died. (Nat Wilson has it, but Tim Wilson is the man to talk to about these things. They would have this, or his daughter Ruth, but she doesn't live here. It would be a very valuable thing because he lived to be in his early nineties I think.) He was a man of twenty-two or twenty-three when he came out here to be professor at the University, and Nat was a baby. They built a big home on North Virginia, then they sold that and moved to 123 Maple Street. Then they remodeled that into apartments, and Mrs. Wilson built her dance studio in the rear.

For many years it was a very nice little social hall for private dances. She rented it out and she also had her dancing school there for many years.

I will tell of the big snow storm that happened on the Fourth of July. We had the town very elaborately and thoroughly decorated with the bunting; red, white and blue. Of course, that is very cheap material and very cheap dye. So when it rained and

snowed on it, you should have seen it! It was the most sad-looking material hanging, and all the colors run together, and droopy from the rain and snow. It was very, very cold that Fourth of July, 1900.

“Carmelita, the Queen” was Carry Avansino, and our librarian, Mr. Hamlin, was the King (but the King didn’t seem to feature very strongly). It was the Queen with her long satin train that was the important person in this affair. There was quite a bit of pageantry to it. The society ladies had taught her how to walk and how to carry herself and she was a very queenly figure, because she was slender and tall. She made a wonderful Queen. And this ceremony of crowning was gone through.

Well, that was a horrible affair. All the little booths were put up along Virginia and Commercial Row. This was the most extensive celebration of that kind that we had ever had, and we didn’t ever go into it quite so extensively again, I believe. But can you imagine; here were these booths built all along Virginia, and here was the Bearded Lady, and I think there were various snakes that they were showing, and then the “bally-hooers” standing out, and all that sort of thing. I think that celebration lasted over a period of several days. And where they were going to try to sell ice cream, they had to sell hot coffee and we wore our heavy winter coats. Really quite unusual weather! I don’t think we’ve ever had anything quite like it on the Fourth of July. We’ve had snow storms on the last day of May, I remember that, but the Fourth of July it was really something.

We used to have a pavilion which stood just about where the new bank and the garage is on First Street. That’s where the country fairs were, and there’s where they vied to see who won the prizes for the best jars of fruit. And they had art contests and all. That’s where I first saw glassblowers at work, a fascinating

thing. My sister, the Doctor, (as I tell you, the ladies took painting lessons) entered a picture that she had made of an apple, and she won the prize for the best plum! She was so amused, all her life she told the story about how she had taken this beautiful red apple and she had painted a picture of it and it turned out in the eyes of the judges, as a plum. So it must have been good, very life-like.

There was a singing club. Laurences’ cousin, Eileen Gulling, and some of these people did a lot of singing at different meetings and at special affairs. Eileen sang in the Catholic Church. Eileen’s name was in the paper all the time; she was always singing somewhere. She had a very sweet soprano voice. The men’s groups did some singing but, I think that there were not more than a couple of organized mens’ groups, and they were small groups not choruses. They sang at different places. Harry Gulling had a pretty fair voice.

The Century Club is the well known and the oldest womens’ club in the city. They used to work so hard! They had a wooden building, a two-story wooden building, where the playground for the St. Thomas parochial school is, on the corner of First and Arlington. The ladies used to work so hard to keep this thing going.

I remember they asked the Jolly Dozen girls to come and wait on tables one time because we were an organized group, and it’s always so easy to go to an organized group to get your members together. They served delicious luncheons. Mrs. Wheeler and all these ladies were such beautiful women, with such beautiful clothes and lots of style. They were hard working members of that organization. That time we were invited to wait on tables, it was quite an honor.

I remember that luncheon so plainly. It was just delicious food, and some of the

members of the Century Club cooked the luncheon.

Then the Eastern Star was one of the organizations that took up the time of the ladies who were “society ladies” — and they were “society ladies” in those days. They had help in their homes that made it possible. They took painting lessons, and they took china painting; that was one of the things they devoted their time to. Of those two organizations, the Century Club was the leader.

For lodge affairs there was a hall up above the Reno Mercantile store on the corner of Commercial Row and Sierra. That is where the Eastern Star met, and I think some of the other Masonic lodges met up there.

Our theater, the important one and the only one, for a long time until the movies came, was McKissick’s Opera House. I saw Houdini, the great magician, and I saw Maud Adams in Peter Pan. My grandmother always went to all of the performances at the McKissick Opera House. Then the McKissicks found it not profitable to operate it as a theater because that was just an occasional affair, and changed it into a hotel. The McKissick Opera House was really interesting. I remember, we went to the balcony by an outside entrance if we had balcony seats. I remember so plainly, my grandmother and I going over one night and arriving by cab and she discovered that she had left the tickets at home. Of course, her home was the Lake Mansion at the corner of California and South Virginia, and that was quite a journey back when you had to hire yourself another cab. To find a cab in the first place was quite an affair! The Hymers Livery Stable was where Sears Roebuck store is now (1965). I imagine she walked over there to get herself back home and get the tickets. I remember how flustered and upset she was about it.

The McKissick Opera House was a great, big tall building. But when you got inside, of course, the balcony seemed tremendously steep. This is a child’s impression as much as anything. In some opera houses, the scenes are lowered. These things have pulleys and ropes and everything on them. Now those up in the Piper Opera House are run on slides. They slide out on rollers. But at McKissick’s, I’m sure, they lowered them, brought them up and down. I’ll never forget seeing Maud Adams dangling in the air being Peter Pan. She was a darling person and did that part so beautifully.

Then the movies came.

The movies also had stages where we brought in these big road companies that were coming through to San Francisco.

We had attractions like Madame Schumann-Heinck and all those things.

Right after the movies took over, the Grand Theater was in the Arcade Building.

I believe that was not the first one. The first movie that I ever went to was on Center Street in a location down there between Second and the Plaza, a long narrow building with a sign saying, “If you expect to rate as a gentleman, do not expectorate on the floor.” “The Great Train Robbery” was the big attraction, one of the first movies that ever came. You paid, I think, fifteen cents. And if you wanted, you could stay over and see the second show. It was just a little setup, very long and narrow. Then, when the nice movie opened, that was the Grand Theater, and it was real nice.

We always had a piano player. Our movies were the silent movies and so we had a piano player that fitted the music to the picture. When “The Perils of Pauline” were being shown, some of the music was real exciting. When she was about to get shoved off the cliff of something like that, we had to have something that fitted the picture.

Then movies became more and more popular; they opened two more places, but they still had stages. We saw the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, at one of the movie houses, speaking all in French. We paid a fabulous price to go, and we could only understand one or two words.

This was after she lost her leg. She had only one leg, but we must go and see her so we could say that we had seen her.

I was a young woman at the time (I have forgotten, seventeen or eighteen, I think). We had some wonderful entertainment that kept us alive to what was going on in the entertainment field, so we felt a great lack of it when it was taken away. Later, after the movies became so popular, they cut these stages out, and we didn't have the wonderful road shows. Of course, the movies were something that everybody went to, everybody, or they wouldn't have opened two more. It furnished a lot of entertainment.

We had roller skating rinks, too. And we used to go swimming out to Moana on the old street car and we used to go out there when it first opened up, it was a very popular resort. We couldn't get up to Lawton's Hot Springs so well because there was no means of transportation except by horse and buggy or by bicycle. They call it now six miles, they used to call it eight miles, and perhaps it was (perhaps they took out some when they built the highway). We had to go up the old Verdi Road at first and that made it longer.

The Gulling name you'll find in the community way far back. They were also wealthy and had a beautiful home on Fourth Street. Eileen Gulling never threw away any of her gorgeous gowns, and was afterwards, when she grew older, always lending them for special occasions when somebody wanted some dresses of older days. She had all the things that went with the dresses too: fans,

shoes, the wraps, hats and all. And of course, we wore hats with the big ostrich plumes and secured them onto our heads with any number of hat pins. So the women always had their weapons with them! And the high button shoes, too—they were something.

There was never in Reno a group of people who were meticulous about making calls. They went to see one another occasionally. But in some of these small communities, now Fallon for instance, these people had come out from the East on the reclamation project. And they made calls, and left their cards, and you were supposed to return the call in two weeks time. But Reno was never that type of community. There was quite an exodus from Reno to Fallon after the Newlands Project went in there, and the Reno people never became accustomed to that business of calling. They sort of resisted it, let us say.

Every community that you go into has a personality and atmosphere of its own. I remember traveling a lot one year, and every city that we came into there was a different feeling in it. Of course, San Francisco is a very brisk city, everybody goes quickly, everybody walks at a pace that has that feeling of vitality to it. When we went down to New Orleans there was slower pace. Years later, we went back to New Orleans and it seemed like things moved more quickly. Everyone, I think, senses the feeling of Reno; it is the feeling of freedom and independence. There is this atmosphere of doing things on your own without criticism or interference. If you don't care to gamble, no one is thrusting it upon you. It's a feeling of being able to do as you please. When we went to the fair in Seattle three years ago, and they closed the fair and turned the lights off at ten o'clock, I just couldn't help but think how odd it was. I had become completely used to a wide open city twenty-four hours a day and I didn't even realize it. They turned the

lights out in those buildings, and they turned the light off the fountain, and they closed the fair at ten o'clock. I don't know why we have impressions without actually thinking of something. Without actually exercising our minds, we obtain an impression of a place or a person. So this was one of my impressions.

Various people, knowing I have raised my family here, have said, "Aren't you afraid to raise your family here in Reno?" And I said, "No, absolutely not." We have gambling, but no one has to go into those places. My girls don't smoke, my girls wouldn't gamble in any form that I know of, they don't drink, two of the sons-in-law don't smoke even. So it compares quite favorably with what you can produce for your younger generation in other communities. I think background is a very important factor.

THE THOMPSON SISTERS

My sisters were among the early graduates who graduated from the University of Nevada in '98. My sister Maud was twenty and the Doctor (she became a doctor later—she wasn't at the time) was a couple of years older. Well, they sat down and they wrote ninety applications for schools around the state of Nevada. Doctor had two acceptances and Maud had none, and so they split these things up. Maud went to Alpine, which is outside of the city of Fallon. There she taught the W. W. Williams children. Williams was a large sheep owner and he had a little way station there at Alpine. He had four little daughters that needed teaching and that was the school. Doctor went to Fallon. These acceptances happened to be in the same neighborhood. There she taught some of the people who became well-known in our community and in our legislature afterwards.

Of course, this was the horse and buggy days and Doctor and Maud both had to go by stages. It was a two day journey to get out to Alpine, and not a very comfortable or pleasant one. That was their first experience in school

teaching. These were just young women, my two older sisters, and they had to take the rough going that Nevada supplied those days for getting places and living too. Of course, they hadn't had such experiences as a lot of western people do, because they lived at the Riverside Hotel when they went to college and Bishop Whitaker School. They had to go out on the stage and land in a little barren spot in the state, which was a real experience. They weathered it nicely. One year my sister Maud taught school the full year. In the winter, she taught up in the valley.

They alternated between the valley and the higher part of the territory and taught a winter school in one spot. She asked the children there, "What do you do in the winter? You don't have any shoes and stockings." And they said, "We hibernate like bears." They went to school in the summertime you see.

Maud was gone two years that time, and came home telling us about her boyfriend that sang the cowboy songs. He couldn't sing unless he sat down in the corner and shut his eyes and put his head back. And then all

of this long ditty came out about “there was a woman that owned a Thomas cat that fit at 15 pound.” Oh, it was a gem! So one day, my mother looked out the door and said, “Here comes Henry Marshall.” She had never seen him, but she had heard the description of him. And sure enough, here was Henry Marshall. We youngsters wanted to hear him sing, but we were afraid we would laugh, so we retreated way up the stairs when he began and held our hands tight over our mouths. This was really funny, as funny as could be, the whole performance; the fact that he had to sit on the floor in the corner, shut his eyes, and then he could sing. And he just went on and on with this story about the dog and the cat, and how “that there cat” got up and slid when “that there dog” came around or vice-versa. I could really remember quite a lot of it for a long while because we thought it was so excruciatingly funny. These young women had some very funny, funny experiences.

When I was fifteen years old my sister who later became a physician and surgeon was a school teacher in Tonopah. I went down and spent two months with her. This was a very unique experience with the water bringing a dollar a barrel.

Doctor (Thompson) had a favorite story she told. She was down there a year before I went down with her, and she and some of the people that we knew later were teaching in Tonopah. Her story about the dollar-a-barrel water was that the water was used several times. She said, “My landlady and I washed our hair, and then we washed our clothes. and on and on the story went, so that it went through several uses. The story finally ended up that they scrubbed the floor with this water, and then they fed it to the burros who ranged the hills of Tonopah, cute little hardy rascals that seemed to live on practically nothing. And the fact was that they did put

the water out after it had been used for several purposes, put it out for the burros and they drank it. It was really getting thick by that time! Water was a precious commodity. At one of the mines, they developed some water. They got water out of the mine when they were going after gold.

Mines in Tonopah were right in the heart of the city; the homes and all were built very closely around these mines. The freight teams went by day and night to Goldfield. Goldfield was starting to boom and these tremendous twenty-mile-teams went by. We lived on Main Street in a little house that had two rooms, I think. This was an experience indeed.

Then there came an epidemic of quick consumption, I think they called it, or quick pneumonia, and so Doctor decided that I had better get home quick.

They were fleeing the town, because when an epidemic sweeps a little mining town it is often a very deadly thing. And it does carry away a lot of people. So after two months, I came home.

Dockie had been very good on the typewriter and piano. As old as she got, with her old gnarled fingers, she could go to the piano and play. She taught school in Pahrnagat Valley and then she decided that she and a girlfriend would buy a lodging house and run that. So one of the miners in the town died and she had to perform on the organ at the funeral. It was a Cousin Jack funeral and all of a sudden she heard this being said, “All those wishing now to take a last geek at Dickie, come forth by twoies, because we be now about to screw ‘m down.” And she never forgot it. It meant, “Will you come up by twos and look at the corpse, because we are about to close the coffin and screw the lid down.” Well, that struck her excruciatingly funny. She told this story all her life. It seems that among the Cousin Jacks (and, you know that they are the

mining people that were brought over from Wales), that this is a part of the ceremony and that it is done each time. The mourners are invited to come up and this is the wording of it, "come forth by twoies, for we be now about to screw 'm down." We always got a tremendous kick out of this story.

Well, she and her friend ran the lodging house and she sold out to her partner, Emma Richards.

She always wanted to study medicine, and after teaching school at Buffalo Meadows and some other places she did so. Dockie remained a school teacher for thirteen years before she studied medicine. Then, she went to San Francisco, and taught night school and went to the University of San Francisco during the day time. She studied medicine and became a physician and surgeon serving on the Emergency Service in the San Francisco hospital. She did various interesting things in her medical career. She was head of the laboratory at Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara.

Later, she joined a unit leaving for the first World War. She was stationed outside of a little city called Beaune, France, and ran the laboratory there in Base Hospital No. 48, and trained a great many boys in the laboratory techniques. So in the family we had one person, and that was a woman, in the first World War. I think this is an interesting thing.

I remember the Cohn family in Carson. Felice was one of them, and one of them was a doctor, and a many. My sister, the Doctor, was in the first World War. When they were coming home, she was standing at a railway station in France and this little train came tooting in. She was among strangers, but she said in her excitement, "Why, that's just like the V. & T." And this gentleman said to her, "What do you know about the V. & T.?"

It was Dr. Cohn from Carson City. They hadn't known each other before, and they hadn't seen each other until that minute when they were leaving France. He had been there and she had been there ten months, and here they met at the railroad station with a common interest in the V. & T. ! This is one of the little incidents that is just worthy of telling; it's one of those things that happens so unexpectedly.

Because she didn't marry, and because of her vocation, Dockie had a different kind of life than the average woman. She was one of the few women physicians in the state of Nevada when she decided to come back. We still have very few.

After the first World War and her service at Cottage Hospital; she ran the x-ray laboratory where she was called on in an emergency one time. The doctors were working to save a mother who had just given birth to a baby. They took the baby and put it aside, and Doctor took the baby up and got it breathing and said, "Here, here's your baby." I said later on, "Well, that man will never know to whom he owed his life."

One other occasion where she was able to save a life was when menthol blue was brand new. A suicide case came into the hospital here in Reno at Washoe Medical Center and there was no one available, no one that they could get a hold of but my sister, the Doctor. She was just as quick as a wink on anything. She thought just like that, and said, "Phone Lester Hilp and have some menthol blue sent down." She pumped this into this boy's veins. At that time he had no reaction, no reflexes at all, and she brought him back to life. It was brand new; I don't know how she happened to think of it, but she was just one of those people who was just like a flash. She was just so quick. This was written up in many papers all over the coast.

We thought she was a wonderful woman, and a lot of her patients did too. She was a diagnostician by intuition and by training in laboratory findings also. She did some tremendous jobs, but was particularly interested in the children; always had a soft spot in her heart for the children. When they came into the hospital, there was Dockie.

Her laboratory building was right next to the house here. She made the rounds of the hospital, and got the samples, twice a day. She was at Washoe General, for eleven years. She was also head of the State Hygienic Laboratory for two years, while they were waiting for the man who had been appointed to the job to get out here from the East and take it over. This State Hygienic Laboratory was a service that up to that time no other woman had been head of. So she had some really unusual experiences. We'll leave Dockie now, but I think she was in our family the outstanding one. I point with pride to my doctor sister.

STATE POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

Let's think way back to when my father was in the legislature. He is credited with having introduced the bill that moved the university from Elko to Reno. I have not researched this, but this is the thing that I always heard as a little girl. He also introduced the bill that moved the penitentiary to Reno. The walls were put up, and the next legislature did not appropriate the money to go ahead. The walls stood down where the state has maintenance headquarters for their road equipment and so forth, just about opposite of the mental hospital. For many years it stood there half completed. This is what happens in changes of personnel in the legislature. That one group thinks is a wonderful, fine thing to do, the others say, "Well, we're not going to let that be moved from Carson." There is always the element of money and finance there to influence people in these things. The people in Ormsby County were not about to let go of this lucrative thing, so the next legislature appropriated no money, and therefore the project couldn't go ahead. But the moving of the university from Elko to Reno I feel is

a very good thing, because Elko has never proven to have what we offer in Reno. Our locale is maybe not more central, but because it had become a thriving city by then it was more logical to have it here. The setting is so very beautiful, and we've always loved our campus.

The political campaigns in which my father was involved were before I was born, so I didn't know too much except he became a silver advocate. He joined the Silver Party, and worked very diligently for the Silver Party. He was in one of the Stewart campaigns. Of course, William M. Stewart was one of our very early legislators and senators. Father became very interested in the campaign. To my mother's horror, she discovered that he was one of the so-called bag men of the day. In opening a closet, she discovered a valise with a great deal of money in it. She put two and two together, and said to herself, "Well, this is a part of the political campaign!" Mother was one of those completely straight-laced, honest people, so she was pretty horrified. But this was the way politics was done, and I believe

it holds true to today. I believe that this is the way that some people do politics. I think our Republican party is getting away from it, and trying to do politics on a different level. This is partly due to the influence of women in the party because we don't believe in that type of thing.

In our home we were always interested in politics and I think this is perhaps why I became interested in politics. But I had a conviction from the time I was ten years old that I was Republican because I believed in the high protective tariff, you see.

I thought this tariff to protect our industries and our working people was right. I think that you always believe what you begin at home.

I can recall several people who were in state politics very early in my life. I remember Tasker Oddie. And I remember some of the people who were in the opposition party and held office, of course.

Boyle was a very fine governor. His widow is a very charming person. Everybody will remember Senator Pat McCarran, and his wonderful record of patriotism which he displayed later.

Judge Cheney was a very, very upright and fine man. R. M. Price was a man that everybody respected in our community; an attorney of very fine standing, and everybody spoke of him with respect.

Some interesting campaigns were waged that Harry Atkinson was personally connected with. It is very interesting to hear Harry Atkinson tell about when Oddie was running, and how there was not money—as usual. So they got together and they passed the hat, and hired the transportation. Part of the time, it was an old car, and those cars were not dependable at all. I imagine part of the time it was a horse and buggy campaign. They went around the state that way. They

were so proud to think that they elected Oddie governor of our State. Governor Oddie was a very splendid governor.

Of course, later on they used the caravan type of campaign where the candidates got together and traveled around the state. They had someone making arrangements ahead of time for when they would be in Fallon, for when they would be in Elko, and so on.

I remember one time when they bogged down, stranded with no money and couldn't go ahead. They had to appeal for more money to keep going. So they rather abandoned that type of thing. But the small communities would like very much for them to go back to it because it is a real strain on them, they say. And we know it is. Now, for example the people in Lovelock tell me that when they have to get together some kind of a barbecue or meeting, time after time, it is more than their community can stand. If they could get together one big meeting and introduce all of the candidates, what a relief it would be to them. The result of not being able to do it that way is that the crowds become too small. So we're hoping that we can induce the candidates to get together on that kind of basis, and get into these communities just once, perhaps, during the campaign.

Scrugham, who had come out here to teach at our university, was also a highly respected governor. He was a Democrat. He had been a classmate of my brother-in-law, Paul Dimmick, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and he was always a friend of my sister, Maud. He went into the service, and was a very distinguished looking man in uniform. A uniform does something for people. Otherwise he was a very small man, and you wouldn't pick him out in a crowd, let us say.

Scrugham was an engineer, and very much interested in our good roads. At the time he was the governor, the first road was

built on the Washoe summit between Reno and Carson. Later on, a lot was done to take out curves and cut grades. The good highway between here and Carson cut the time down a lot. He was interested in water conservation, and took steps forward in these much needed regions at the time. We had good reason to think that he was a good governor. I imagine there were plenty of other things that I could cite, but I think those are two big and important things.

We were so proud of Pat McCarran when he went as a freshman senator and proceeded to represent us in such fine fashion. He fought the packing of the Supreme Court, and stood up unafraid to say what he believed. That was true of him right through; he was never afraid to say what he believed. He had the appearance of what you would think would be the ideal Senator, with his flowing white mane and his big broad chest. And I'm speaking as a Republican for a Democrat. He represented our state in a very fine fashion, and you will find many of us Republicans acknowledging this tact. I hear Paul Laxalt and various other Republicans mentioning the name, Pat McCarran.

I also find something that I have remarked on to myself, and that is the fact that when the Democrats will campaign they will bring the name of Lincoln up time after time in their speeches. So I think we get on the basis of truly American people when we get into some of these things, and that's a very good sign. That proves that we're not completely narrow and biased. I want to mention those things because I think Nevadans are pretty broad people, although you find that they don't accept the newcomer in politics as a candidate too readily. They really have to prove themselves. For example, Scrugham was a man from Michigan. He served the people of the state as a professor at the

university and proved himself before he went into politics. Then he became governor, and then congressman, and then senator. Perhaps you can say that this wasn't true in the early days because everybody came in from some other state, but it has proven that way in later years. So everyone who has come in with the idea that the state only had a hundred and four thousand people, and it would be easy to get elected, has found that it wasn't easy at all.

It was a well-known fact and no one denied it, that George Wingfield became stronger and stronger. And believe me, he controlled both parties. Both the Democratic party and the Republican party—the bi-partisan machine as it was called—had one phone number. And this was something that I don't think George Wingfield or anybody else cared to try to deny. It was now of those circumstances that needed to be broken up and strong two-party system established. It had been recognized for some time. Then some of our boys came home from the war, among them Les Gray, with a great determination to do something in politics for his country. He spear-headed the movement that broke the bi-partisan machine.

However, George Wingfield's influence lasted all his life. He and Noble Getchell were very, very wealthy people, had become very, very wealthy in mining. The Getchell Mine is still one of the two producing gold mines in the state. So people that have as much money as that cannot help but be a big influence if they are interested in politics. They just naturally are going to be a big influence. When the people get stranded on their tours, who do they apply to? Well, they ask somebody who had money. So, of course, they send back home to George Wingfield, and say, "We're short of money." Wingfield and Getchell both became interested in doing things for the University of Nevada, and so the university

greatly benefited by these two men who were strong in politics and strong financially.

I remember the closing of the Wingfield banks. The stockholders had a big meeting. George Wingfield came to the meeting and said that he would give the shoes off his feet to do what he could to save the banks. The Riverside Bank was a solvent bank which closed when the rest of them did. It eventually paid one hundred and five percent, I believe, on the savings deposits. The banks continued to remain closed, and they never could come to an agreement about what should be done about getting the banks opened again. Some never did open. So we had at the time the Farmers and Merchants Bank which was not one of the Wingfield banks; it belonged to Harris and Kirman and was not permanently closed. Fortunately, all of our family were depositors in that bank, except my husband and I who had deposits in the Wingfield banks. So we sat down and figured how many beans we had in the house and what we were going to live on.

Wingfield was a very, very strong character; he had very, very loyal friends. The sense of power that this gives is something that grows on people; they love the power that it gives them, and you acquire political power by having other types of power. You have a big interest in this kind of a business and that kind of business. You have all these men. The men are the employees and they value their jobs. They need the assurance that they are going to have jobs. Then they are influenced by what the boss says, very much influenced by what he says, because it means bread and butter to them.

At one of the Republican state conventions, in Tonopah, I believe it was, or it could have been Las Vegas, we had a meeting and we were trying to pick a rules committee. Well, it was appointed. We went outside—no place in the

convention hall, so we went outside—for the rules committee to meet. I had my Robert's Rules of Order. So we said, "Well, now how do we go about this?" Someone said, "Well, let's call on Harry Atkinson; he's been in this party a long while, and he must have worked on some rules committee before." So this was really interesting and very funny at that time. We formed some rules and the chairman followed these rules. We had a time keeper who kept people off the floor when they had had their turn. The chairman imposed these rules and in a very fair manner and had to use some of them. I think that they are very, very interesting.

It's really laughable to see the candidate trying to work in a campaign. You go to a little place like Fernley. Somebody rushes up and buttonholes the candidate and tells him all about the Boy Scout Camp, and he can hardly get away. So now we try to have someone who will protect the candidate from the populace. We try to have someone who will quietly go up and say, "Oh, Mr. Young, Mr. so-and-so is very anxious to see you," and excuse him. This way you get your candidate through your group and give him the opportunity to see more people. But everyone has some kind of a pet thing that they want to talk to the candidate about. So that's really quite a job working through a crowd; interesting, but something that very few people would realize has to be managed.

They used to have parades. That's been tried and it was tried in 1950 again and it's very laughable to hear Aleta Gray tell about their attempt at a torch light parade. Parades in the smaller communities are very good. But in larger towns, with our traffic and all, it's very difficult to do, and it's hard to get a permit; and you can see why. It's one of those things that you give up over a period of time when circumstances change. In 1950, we had

what we called a carnival in the State Building. There we introduced the candidates—no speeches. We were trying to high-light the fact that money was worth so little, and we sold about fifty phony dollars— “funny money” we called it—for one good dollar. People spent money as they went around to different booths. We had a lot of things for sale; had some little silver elephants, and mystery packages, and everything you could think of, for a carnival type of thing. You started out by buying your “funny money” first, and then you went around and spent that.

We had one rally where we used as decorations, brooms, mops, everything— “clean out the present office holders and get in the new ones.” That was the theme of that one. We women worked very, very hard on that and raised quite a bit of money for the party. It’s something the people are talking now about reviving.

The campaigns as far as city campaigns go, are never very extensive, very expensive, or very colorful; they don’t go into it that way. And fortunately they don’t, because of course if you establish that kind of custom, it is followed and it becomes very expensive. The expense of a campaign runs way above what you will ever realize on the job. Now they’re using T. V. That’s an expensive media for getting yourself elected, and questionable whether it is as effective as it could be. Perhaps, if it weren’t gone into so extensively, it would be better. I hear people complaining, “We have to go without our favorite programs.” And, “I’ll be so glad when this campaign is over. I’m tired of hearing and seeing these same things.” So I think we are going to have to take a second look at this method of campaigning.

REPUBLICAN PARTY POLITICS

You realize that the Negro had the vote long before the women.

So we were discriminated against, too. I was interested when I was a young woman in the movement of votes for women.

I was a bride and lived in Fallon when a very charming young woman came before we had ever gotten the vote. I went to hear her and horrified some of my friends in Fallon. They did not believe in the vote for women, and thought I was strange or queer or something. I almost broke up a friendship because I had been interested in this movement; not that I was very active, but I certainly went to hear what she had to say. Then of course, the good men of Nevada gave us the vote before we got it nationally. So I think this was another feather in Nevada's bonnet because they didn't have to do it, but they did. Broadminded, aren't they?

Among the suffragettes, Anne Martin, of course, was very active. She had been away from Reno for quite awhile and came back and became very active and campaigned the

state for women's suffrage. Mrs. Mack, Effie Mona Mack's mother, was active. And so was Mrs. Hurst, who was the mother of Glen and Dale Hurst. They came cut there from Iowa, and used to operate the Grand Theater. She became legislator from Washoe County; they elected her to the assembly, although she was what we would call a newcomer. Marguerite Gosse was also elected to the assembly from Washoe County at one time.

The women have been real modest, I think, about their politics. These women who went up to the assembly just merely wanted to serve. They hadn't any axes to grind. That, I think has been true right along. I would like to see some real fiery person campaign for something that the women particularly believe in, and go to our legislature in Carson, and introduce a bill that will pass, so that we can point with pride to something a woman has done in our legislature. That will come to pass, but it will be sometime, I'm sure. I don't know if I'll live to see the day, but let us hope that that happens. There are so many

fine things that women do stand for, but they seem willing to stay in the background and go along.

Once I ran for the legislature and was defeated by 89 votes, and thought, "What a relief; I don't have to do that." I really think that women should be in this thing. I really believe that if you have a conviction that you should do something about it. You shouldn't just say, "Well, now Mrs. So-and-so, you should run for the legislature." You demonstrate that you believe this. So Polly Gelder and I both ran, and Polly didn't get through the primary. I got through the primary and into the general election, and was beaten by a Democrat by 89 votes. I didn't think that was too bad. So I keep looking around in our community for the right type of women to be candidates and get into politics, not only for the hard drudgery end of the job, but to demonstrate their abilities along other lines. I think they very definitely have them. I see women in our community who have great ability in organization. They can organize, and women are very good on details. I think we need some women. I went house-to-house campaigning and was just beautifully received, just amazing. Of course, it's a very slow and uphill deal, because I tell you, they want to show you their flower gardens or they want to tell you about their pet theories of how things should be done, so you can make very little head way in a day. So day after day, I went out and went campaigning. Then at the time that the Civic Club was organized, Mrs. George Turpin a Democrat, running for hospital trustee and I went out together and went all up through Verdi. (Verdi is not in the district that I would run in now). So we would go to the door and I would talk for her. She was running for hospital trustee, and I was running for the legislature. She would talk for me, and then I would talk for

her. Quite a few of the people up in there are Italian farmers. These ladies would come to the door, and one in particular I remember said, "Oh, I think the women would do better than the men!" In Verdi we were so cordially received. The people would invite us in, and were so very nice to us. It's a real experience, real interesting. I've never been sorry that I did it, because I have been in politics in nearly every phase, but I haven't held office. Maybe I've escaped that one.

I'll mention just a little bit about the 1952 Republican National Convention which was in Chicago and I was a delegate. There were two women delegates from Nevada and they were both named Amy; which was a peculiar circumstance, because there were twelve of us. Rex Bell and Marvin Humphrey were among the delegates, and Les Gray was the head of the delegation.

This was the year of the big battle between the Taft and Eisenhower delegates. I was an open and avowed Taft delegate. There were over 700 pledged Taft delegates. Some of our people were not committed to anyone, and the delegation was split. We don't use unit rule, never had; and since it has been outlawed now, we can't use it. But this was the most interesting—oh, nothing could have been more interesting for a beginner and I was new, and all of this was thrilling.

The demonstrations were simply terrific, with all the hats and all the flag waving, and all of the noise-makers, and the crush! I, being little, got between two people, and almost had to drop out of line and take my seat. All the delegates would rise up and participate in the demonstrations which would go on and on and on. I've never seen anything like it.

There were big interruptions during the course of the convention, where little knots of people gathered together. There were a lot of men here and there. This was all on stage

where it was very visible. Everybody could see what these little bits of conversation were going-on. So I saw this man; oh, he would just run around from one group to another; he was just poking his head in here and there, and having his little say. I said, "Who's that?" And they said, "That's Henry Cabot Lodge." And I said, "Well, he ought to go and sit down." The next session, he was sitting.

There was a terrific and touching thing—the great ovation that was given to Herbert Hoover. Not a dry eye in the place. And he stood there so amazed to see how the people regarded him. So he stood, and he looked around, and he looked around, and he kept looking around, the ovation went on and on, until the expression on his face changed to one of utter amazement. At first he seemed to think "Well they do kind of like me after all!" He had been through an awful lot.

Then (Douglas) MacArthur got a very fine ovation too. This wonderful, venerable, old gentleman with the ringing voice. He made a wonderful talk, but no one could do anything to stem the tide, and it all fell to pieces. The thing that had been so thoroughly organized and thought out, all went to pieces right in front of our eyes, and Eisenhower was in. The disputed delegations came in, and as soon as a decision was made on the disputed delegations, well, the thing was over actually. The voting started going the other way.

Right ahead of us was the delegation that had two sets of hats. First, they had on the hats that said Taft, and all the banners and things said Taft. But underneath their seats they had their Eisenhower material. Everybody was running up and talking to this delegation and they seemed to be the key delegation.

Harold Stassen was in the balcony right opposite to them, so you can realize what delegation it was. He was watching his delegation down there. I had been a great

admirer of Stassen in his earlier political career, but he was a changed man; and he still is. He's lost himself along the way, somehow. I don't know what happened to him. He had the potential for a very fine political career.

In front of our delegation, right up close to the platform, was the New York delegation with a battery of cameras all around it all the time. There would be forty newspaper people and people taking photographs around that delegation. And Governor Dewey was on his feet most of the time surveying his group.

He had them in pretty good control, I would say except for two Negroes in the delegation who didn't seem to go along with the rest of them. I thought that was an interesting thing.

People fainted and were carried out. There was lots and lots of excitement, lots of running up and down in the aisles to the point where the delegates couldn't see or hear anything. Right around the partition was the T. V. section and you could go there and you could see and hear; when you were in the hall you couldn't.

This is a criticism that we find, especially when people are new like I was. This is very important and should be a very solemn type of thing when you're deciding who is going to be the president. You should give it a lot of thought.

They had some of the finest entertainers on the stage scheduled for the entertainment, and they were completely drowned out by the people down on the floor. And this is not just the delegates; this is the newspaper people, the people with their walkie-talkies and all this business. They finally called in the police to clear the aisles, and then they stood in front of us with their big, broad blue backs and we could see less than we had seen before!

Some of the Eisenhower managers talked to me, but the Taft people were more in

evidence. I know the Taft people had been out here and thought they had talked to the right people. If they had had a little more information as to who was in command of the party, they might have convinced a couple more of our delegates for Taft, but they weren't successful.

Marvin Humphrey and Les Gray talked with Eisenhower. They stopped in Denver and talked to him; they drove to the convention, and there they talked with Eisenhower, and they became convinced for him. We had seen Eisenhower in Las Vegas; it was the only place that he had come into Nevada. He had flown in there on a big Constellation, we had all gone down to Hoover Dam and then we had come back to Las Vegas, and there right at the airport we had a buffet dinner.

There is where the cookie incident took place, where I got all of the cookies dumped in my lap and on top of my plate and all around it. The poor waiter was so terribly embarrassed! I was sitting next to General Eisenhower, and the waiter attempted to serve the General. The plate tipped toward the General, and then he tipped it back in order to straighten it, and the cookies went into my lap and all over the plate. The poor waiter apologized and I said, "Oh, those things can happen." And then he tip-toed up to me and said, "May I put some of those cookies in a little bag for you to take with you?" I said, "Oh, that will be lovely; I can give them to my grandchildren." So presently, he tip-toed back and he said, "When I think of the new president, I will think of this incident." Then I had my picture taken with the cookies in the bag for the evidence. So the General remembered the cookie incident, and in Chicago, some of the delegates from Nevada were at his headquarters and he said, "Where is the little lady that had the cookies dumped in her lap?" And four more years later at a

reception (this would be eight years later), he was just going out of office. He was the guest of honor at a big affair in Washington, D. C., and so when he came in I managed to get close enough to him to say, "Remember the incident of the cookies?" And he looked at me with a big smile all over his face and said, "Oh, how are you?" Eight years later he still remembered the incident of the cookies! So that was one of the funny little highlights.

It was very odd about the pressures; they came from your own people to some extent. One of our alternates was very strong for Eisenhower and he was trying to persuade me. I don't know how much pressure might have been put on him ahead of that, but he was convinced for Eisenhower. My reason for my conviction was that here we had in Taft a man who had had experience and was a politician. We knew how honest and how straight-thinking the man was, and he had had the experience. When Eisenhower had been out of the country, he didn't know about the internal problems because he hadn't had the experience. This is a very complicated, very intricate type of thing, and I don't think that people can do the best job unless they have had the experience. Taft was a man of convictions; he was unafraid, and he, I thought, was the right man for the job. He demonstrated his true patriotism when he started in to assist President Eisenhower after he was elected. He could call on Taft at any time and did call on him. So when we think back to Taft we have a true patriot, absolutely. I'm very proud of the autographed picture that I have of him.

Thinking back to Eisenhower, I believe he gained and he came along stronger and stronger with the experience he had in the job. I think he came out of the job a much bigger man than he was when he went in. He was a man that demonstrates very clearly the

fact that you must have something besides experience. You must have personality; you must have personal popularity to become elected. Your qualifications as a legislator will not get you there, I think, anymore. That was one of the very interesting conventions.

I didn't go to the 1956 convention in San Francisco. We in Nevada think that we should pass these things around and let other people have the experience of being delegates as much as possible, so I didn't go to that convention. I went again in 1960 because I was going on the National Committee. I was made part of the group and went as an alternate because I wanted to demonstrate that we don't have to hang on to these positions as delegates time after time after time. It isn't good; you won't work your party up into anything better or bigger by hanging on to these particular jobs. So that was the reason I went on the National Committee in Chicago in 1960, right after the convention, and went off of the committee in 1964, right after the end of the convention. I went as National Committeewoman in 1964. First I was a delegate, then I was an alternate, then I was on the National Committee.

Of course, being Republican National Committeewoman was a very interesting experience and the election itself was a very interesting thing. There are various ways in different states the National Committee people are selected. In Oregon, for instance, they have to run on a state-wide ticket, but we select our National Committee people at the state convention. That convention was in Ely, a two-day affair.

Mrs. (Kenneth) Johnson was our National Committeewoman and had been for two terms, and according to my understanding, she was making a strong effort for the third term, mainly because she was an officer in the Western Conference, which represents a group of western states and Hawaii. She

had an office there which she wouldn't have unless she were on the National Committee. I understood that her husband said that he was going to make every effort to see that she was elected because particularly of that job. So of course the newspapers gave her lots of favorable publicity, and I got very little.

But we were doing a quiet campaign right to the last. I had been asked to do this thing, if I would run, and my first reaction was, no, I had done enough for the party. But after thinking it over, I said, "Well, if you young men will canvass the state and see that I can become elected, why I will go, but we must make a success of it. If we start out to do this thing, we have to win." So there were quite a few politicians, young men, backing me, which I think Mrs. Johnson never realized. Neither did various other people in the party, because we were not able to get much publicity. In fact, it was said that I couldn't get it, and I wasn't going to run, etc.

But when we went to Ely, the group that were backing me had gotten out a great big banner that was in the hotel. They had plastered the town. When we got on the elevator, here it was full of my cards. They had gotten out red, white and blue cards; red, white, and blue on one side and my picture on the other, and the little thing that said, "Once in love with Amy." They had made quite a colorful campaign out of it.

When we got to Ely there was a great hubub, a great buzz going on. The lines were being drawn and the pressure was on. Some of the delegations were held in a room for two hours, talked to constantly for two hours in a great attempt to persuade them to change their minds. But they were convinced people, they were going to vote for me.

Well, at the end of the first day, the National Committeewoman's report was made, and she had a piece of yellow paper.

(This is one of the laughable things, and this is true.) She got a piece of yellow paper and a pencil and wrote her report while she sat there when she realized she was going to be called on. She handed it to her brother-in-law and he okayed it, and so she said that she was not a candidate, that she had not intended to run, that she had a little boy at home that needed her attention, and she at no time had been a candidate. So that threw confusion into the ranks.

There was a lady in our circle who had not come to the convention, and lived in Boulder City. Several people phoned her and asked her to come up to the convention. This woman had no way to get there but to drive all night. There was no airplane service, there was no way for her to get there, and she arrived after driving all night. I saw her in the lobby of the hotel in the morning, and she introduced me to her husband who had been driving all night with a cast on his leg. She explained to me that several people had called her and this was the reason she was running against me, and that she wouldn't hold it against me if she lost.

So the huddle went on, and the buzzing, and it was real, real interesting. I had gone to bed, because some of the people had said, "Oh, you look tired, why don't you go to bed?" And I thought to myself, "The die is cast; it will be however it's going to be." In the wee small hours, knock, knock on the door, and so-and-so says such-and-such, and "How many votes do you have?" And I said, "Well, it's right there on my night stand." So this friend took it away and presently, knock, knock on the door again, and everything was all right, and "you can go to sleep."

In the evening there had been a large cocktail party in the Smith home. Mr. Smith had been our State Chairman at one time. He lived in East Ely. He passed away this spring (1965). Anyhow, they gave this very large

party and there was an awful lot of stir going on at the cocktail party. Mrs. Johnson and her friends were trying to figure out how many votes they had, and it was then that she had arrived at her decision that she could not find votes enough to put her over, and would not run.

In the morning, everything was still buzzing. We finally got to the convention and according to the program which had been adopted, I came up for nomination.

Cliff Young got up and made this nomination. He had no notes or anything; he just talks very freely without any notes at all times. So then my opponent was nominated by somebody who had just been handed their sheets of paper. He read this nomination, and right at the end of it he could not think of the name and he couldn't find it on his papers. For some time, he turned the pages looking back and forth and perhaps somebody finally gave him the name and he came out with it. But this lady was very upset about it, and she said, from the platform, "Who could have helped but get the nomination after that wonderful introduction by Cliff Young?" I don't know; it perhaps broke up a lifelong friendship between her friend who nominated her and herself. That was one of the comical incidents, but very embarrassing for her, and I really felt very, very embarrassed for her. It was just too bad.

I won a very decisive victory, and then I set out to do the best possible job I possibly could. I attended meetings in Washington D. C., I was always just boarding the plane, or just getting off, and getting home again. I attended every national meeting.

I was elected to the National Committee right at the time of the State Convention by Nevada, but this election has to be verified or accepted by the National Committee. You go into office right after the end of the

National Convention meeting. New members are introduced, usually by people on the Committee from their own state. Or they are introduced by somebody who is going out of office. Then you immediately assume office and start going to the meetings which are usually in Washington, D. C.. They also have a womens' conference in Washington, D. C. once a year, and although it is not mandatory, you get a lot by going to the womens' conference.

National Committee, I thought, was very interesting experience with lots and lots of very interesting people. You find a great many of the people on the National Committee come from the smaller communities in their state. For instances in Illinois, it wouldn't be someone from Chicago; it would be somebody from a small community in the state. Indianapolis doesn't command anybody on National Committee, and I found that an interesting fact. The very interesting people, the outstanding people that I met, I still maintain a friendship with. It's very pleasant to find somebody that comes from the corner of Maine, and somebody that comes from way down South. The pooling of their ideas is really something worthwhile.

At the '60 convention, there was a strong movement to get Barry Goldwater to run. Nixon was our candidate, but at the last minute there was terrific pressure put on Barry Goldwater to the extent that he wanted to demonstrate clearly that he wasn't and couldn't be a candidate. So he said to them finally: "If you will find six hundred delegates who will sign up that they will vote for me, I will be the candidate." He was nominated and made a most graceful and fervent appeal to the people at the convention to vote for Nixon, and he emphatically said, "No." They couldn't find six hundred people who would sign up to vote for him for the reason that they

were already committed; they were absolutely committed. I was called from Chicago. After people get in there ahead of time, they are still working on different things. In 1952, I was called to make sure that I was still staying with Taft, called long-distance. Sam Arentz called me and said, "Are you?" And I said, "I am definitely. I will say that on the first ballot, I will vote for Taft, you can count on it." But the pressures on this one in 1960 were just simply terrific. What was going on was just unbelievable. They were trying too hard. We had a man come to our delegation and talk for Goldwater. There wasn't a delegation that escaped. We were very small but we still were important enough to be talked to.

Ray Bliss had an assignment after the debacle of the election of 1960 when we were defeated. He was head of a committee to find out what could be done about the fraudulent voting. We had all the experts working on this committee, and a three or four hundred page report on their findings. Hour after hour after hour; way into the evening, we sat at Oklahoma City listening to that wonderful well-prepared report with recommendations how to remedy the situation as it had been investigated. It had been found in Chicago particularly, and in Texas, that fraudulent voting in some of the big cities was very flagrant.

I didn't submit a report on fraudulent voting in Nevada. Fraudulent voting in Nevada was just about nil; they did send out people here to investigate, and we had had recount when Cliff Young was running against Walter S. Baring the second time. Baring called for a recount and we found no problems. I was on the recount board here in Washoe County. We found absolutely no evidence of fraudulent voting, none whatsoever. I have been on the boards and I have served in various capacities where if there was any attempt at fraudulent

voting, you'd find it, I'm sure. I don't think it has been prevalent at all in Washoe County. Now I've been told that this came true in Clark County, that you can see at the polls cars, numerous cars, with California licenses, but I don't think they have really ever proven anything. They've concentrated now on the bigger cities, Chicago, Philadelphia, and some of the bigger cities in Texas.

When we went to the meeting in January, 1961, following the 1960 election, one wall of the room where we were meeting, it must have been a hundred feet long, had copies of newspapers telling of the fraudulent voting in different cities. you could have spent hours reading those accounts, and they were all pretty well documented. The one I remember particularly about a woman outside the polls in one of the precincts in Illinois handing out the ten dollar bills. I kept hoping that not very many were guilty of this sort of thing. There in Illinois when they vote, the machine is set so that you can vote your whole ticket by pulling one lever. I understand that the woman was standing not too far outside the polls—really was not out as far as she should have been— boldly handing out ten dollar bills and saying, "Pull lever A," or "Pull lever B," or whichever lever it was; and it voted the whole ticket. Now we don't have that type of voting here; we split tickets in Nevada and a very, great many people do it, more Democrats than Republicans. And I say this because of a vote that a Republican candidate can get in Washoe County, and it is a bigger vote than the Republicans have registered, so there has to be some Democratic vote. This isn't just an idle assumption; this is one of those things that sort of proves itself.

At the time of the Ray Bliss report, there were recommendations from the finest kind of people in their particular profession, like the T. V. people. Very specific ideas were

brought out: where the best spots of T. V. were, what length of time they should entail (three minutes, they said, was the best length of time for political ads.). All this type of information was given to this committee. We took copious notes and came back saying, "Now this is where you want to get your spot on T. V. and this is the length of time it should have." All these practical, fine things. Very few things were generalized; they were made specific so that you really could get something to take back home.

When it came close to the meeting of the 1964 convention in San Francisco, all of National Committee—each individual—went on a committee of some kind. Those bigger committees were split into subcommittees and they did a very earnest job. Everybody was so intent on what they were doing, and giving their good thinking to it. I worked on a subcommittee of the Rules Committee. On that committee were some of the big names—Winthrop Rockefeller was one.. He was a very pleasant person; he's the Rockefeller from Arkansas. That was a rather small committee. We worked on just rules number so-and-so to so-and-so. Then the whole Committee on Rules met together later, and we then hashed over whether we were going to accept these recommendations from the smaller committee.

In San Francisco in 1964, those committees were working day and night. I want to say to you right now, if you get on National Committee ever, don't get on some of those committees. They are most exhausting. In San Francisco, those people were working until one and two o'clock and then sometimes later than that, all night. Well, they were not going to get too much fun, let us say, out of the excitement of the convention. They were interviewing people, they were having hearings; this went on for hours and hours. They all are expected

and required to get to convention city at least two weeks ahead of time. Those big committees (and we call the Platform a big committee) were where the battles really raged, I think a very fine job was done.

Before these committees meet, there is a committee that meets and works out the backbone of the thing, let us say. They work out an outline that is used to go by. A lot of it is accepted, but then you get to the controversial parts, and away they go—the pro and con—and it's very interesting to see what comes out of it. But very good thinking goes into it. All these people on National Committee are very dedicated to their jobs, I find, so it was an interesting experience.

One time, we met in Oklahoma City. The very charming Dorcas Kelly, who belongs on the committee from that state, lives in a small city outside of Oklahoma City. She is a very interesting person. She has five sons that she raised; the husband died when the last one was a very, very small child. She's a president of a bank in a small community. Dorcas has a flair for politics, and a charming personality.

She wears special hats, and when she goes to convention, she has a hat with four elephants on it. Up in Seattle, she wore a hat that had the Space Needle topped by an elephant, and she had her picture taken and put in all the papers. She and her hats were written up in the Honolulu paper, I found when I got over there after the 1964 convention. She told me that her group in Oklahoma City had given an affair to raise money that had to do with her life and her hats. She had saved hundreds of these hats. She has a hatmaker in one of the big cities in Louisiana who makes her hats; then she will take them and plant the elephants around the rim and go to the convention.

And everybody wants to take a picture of the hats. We stood waiting for Barry

Goldwater's plane to come in for more than an hour and Dorcas had on one of the hats and everyone would say, "Oh, may I take a picture of it?" So I experienced what she goes through when she wears these hats. Everyone wants a picture. She is a tiny little woman, and she has an entrancing smile; she's very attractive; she's not a bold type of person. She isn't the kind of person who pushes herself forward, she simply puts on the hats and away she goes, attracts a lot of attention, but she is just modest and sweet and full of smiles. We went on National Committee at the same time and became very, very good friends.

Also on the Committee was Edna Donald from Nebraska (she went off the committee the same time I did). She is a very very friendly person, and we became very good friends. She was the first one to greet me when I went on. I was introduced by our National Committeeman, Ed Converse, in a very brief and complimentary introduction.

There are, I think, usually about a third of the Committee going off, so there's a nucleus of these people with a lot of experience on the Committee. One of them is Dortha Moore, the Committeewoman from Oregon, who runs on the statewide ticket to be elected Committeewoman. That is a real big affair when you have to run on a statewide ticket. She had run three times. Now that's a matter of twelve years (it is a four-year period you're on). Dortha comes from a very small community called Morrow, a wheat-growing community. She and her husband are wheat-growers. Up there in Oregon, they don't live on their farm; they live in a little central type of city or town and farm these great acres. She and her husband raise a special type of wheat that they call pastry wheat.

We had Mrs. Waterhouse from one of the smaller Hawaiian Islands. She never missed a meeting. She arrived in Oklahoma City with

one bedroom slipper on. She had hurt her foot in San Francisco, and for the first day she had on one bedroom slipper. She was very devoted. You find these people taking their jobs very seriously.

Claire Williams was assistant to the National Chairman, and a woman of very, very great ability. She made numerous speeches, she had a terrific schedule. She traveled the country, and always stepped off the plane looking fresh and rested and was able to give a fiery speech, just well-prepared and well thought out, and a well-expressed speech. Then she married and went off of National Committee just shortly before the end of the term.

Claire Williams instigated the womens' meeting which was so successful. She carried it on with every detail thought out. The meetings for that group were set one year ahead of time. They came in April, and so all the details such as hotel reservations and speakers, could be worked out very thoroughly.

Another very interesting person I met has a home in Washington and gives a breakfast for the women on National Committee each year. I met her husband and he said, "Oh, yes, I know Truckee, I used to be there very frequently." Well, this intrigued me, but in these affairs, you get interrupted and you don't follow through. So I determined that I was going to find out what in the world would bring anyone now located in Washington, D. C. to Truckee, of all places. So I said the next time I came across her (which was either six months or a year later), "What ever brought your husband to Truckee?" She said, "Oh, his people were sheep raisers, and when he was a young man in college, he would spend his summers in the sheep camp and herding sheep and so forth, which is wonderful experience." And she said that some of his

people still run sheep in the eastern part of our state.

You come across these people who know Nevada. Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania also is acquainted with Nevada, with Reno particularly. He is a flyer. He spent two years at Stead Air Force Base, and his oldest daughter was born in Reno. So we meet these people everywhere that don't believe that we are quite as "wild west" as someone who has never been out. Scranton said he had a specially soft spot in his heart for Reno because of his daughter's birth here.

We found ourselves to be so congenial. You commence to feel after a few years just as if it were a big family, you know. Everyone is so very friendly.

Dottie Elston is an outstanding figure. She is head of the Women's Division in the clubs. She's head of all the clubs in the whole United States. A most charming and a fluent speaker and very witty. She always has her audience in a gale of laughter. She is, I believe, a widow. She has a nursery in Maryland and employs seven or eight people in this nursery. She is a woman who can travel all over the United States. Indefatigable, she is just one of those people who apparently never gets tired. (You would marvel at these women and what they do, and I think they are becoming more and more of an influence.) Men came in to hear Dottie Elston speak in Elko, they just couldn't say enough in praise of her; how fine she is, that they had never heard a better speech, and she always puts over her points. This is a fine thing for people to get right to the point of what they are saying, and it's real, real good meat when you get what Dottie Elston has to say.

We found Bill Miller as the Chairman of the National Committee most dynamic and always aware of what was going on. He pounced on these things that the opposition party were attempting to put over, and

brought them out into the light. We were very enthusiastic for him as Vice President. All the people said, "Well, who knows Bill Miller?" We felt that we knew him so well and we just couldn't realize that across the country they actually didn't know Bill Miller. If they had, they would have voted for him, because he was so fine and is so fine. He has a lovely, lovely wife. Her mother and father came from Poland, and she speaks the language. She did quite a lot of campaigning among that ethnic group.

We had two very fine Negro men associated on National Committee. One of them is an attorney, and he is supposed to be the attorney to advise the chairman. He would be the attorney for Ray Bliss, particularly. A very brilliant man, and fine in every respect. I believe he is a volunteer and gets nothing at all for his services.

I find no prejudice in the party of any kind; that I think I can safely say. We had a very fine program once that was conducted by a white man and a Negro. They were from Atlantic City; they were talking of their mutual problems that they worked out together, and how successfully they had done it. You truly felt that they were good friends, and it just seemed to emanate from the two of them that they were. There was nothing put on or anything. They said, "There are problems, and we recognize them. There will be problems, and we can work them out together." So that makes for good feeling; I think you feel happy over the fact that people can and will work together.

There is a strong attempt to work among the ethnic groups on the part of the Republicans, and we have a wonderful record of laws passed for those groups. We can point with a very great deal of pride to the fact that it was our party that headed up the movement to free the slaves and did free them.

The National Committees were appointed a whole year before the National Convention. A great many of their meetings were set so that they worked separately and then got together (especially the Platform Committee) about four times a year. They like to meet in a central place.

Supposing that several of them were from the East and Chicago was the more central point, they met there. We had one every splendid meeting in Denver, which was a central point that year.

There, I heard a story that I brought back home to our people. The story was that the pioneers coming through in the early days were stranded in the mountains close to Denver, and they were starving. So they drew lots to see who should be the next meal. They said this man Packer ate a Democrat. So in this delegation from Colorado, there was a very venerable old Judge, Judge Chenowith. They told Judge Chenowith what had been done, and asked, "Do you believe that story about Packer eating a Democrat?" "Oh, I doubt it; I doubt it very much," he said, "Did you ever try to clean one?"

The planning of the National Convention is another of those things that started way ahead of time. The different cities bid for the Convention. Our committee met in Denver before the 1964 Convention. There, we had a preliminary report from the committee that looks at sites. These people went at their own expense and looked at the sites that were offered.

Now the idea is that the convention will bring much money into a city, so they bid many hundreds of thousands dollars to have it come to their city. They just didn't decide on that one basis, though. The men and women on this committee went personally and investigated the sites. One of the most important things was how many rooms were

available to take care of people coming in with the convention. It involves thousands and thousands of people.

Chicago has had a great many national political conventions. The conventions always fall in the summertime, and the weather had something to do with our choice. We found Chicago very hot, and the ideal weather in San Francisco at that time of year; it's really just perfect. There were five or six cities; Philadelphia bid again, Atlantic City bid again, Chicago made a strong effort to get this, and San Francisco came up with the largest number of rooms, and the most money. That committee was a hard working committee, because of course they had to give up their time and go to these different places. They did a conscientious job. The report was exactly on the number of rooms, the type of weather, the accommodations at the convention hall itself, the parking space, all these items, all these things, were looked at and investigated thoroughly. This was a very busy group.

The National Committee was a very busy group preliminary to the convention. During the convention, a lot of committees were still working very hard. The Rules Committee was expected to be in San Francisco a week before, some of the committees were there two weeks before. So I think that I can safely say that they really have a job. It isn't just a complimentary thing; it isn't something that you just do to get your picture in the paper!

The National Committee members are under many pressures from the various party members to propose or promote some program. The women's group, for instance, are told to begin with that they are not policy making people; that isn't their job. So they stay out of it to a great extent. I know the Nevada people do. They particularly stressed the fact all the time that when someone new comes into the setup, they usually think

that something can be done at that level on policy.

I believe that groups of organized Republican clubs often suggest programs to the National Committee. One committee was made up of representatives of various women's Republican clubs; our division of this committee met in Arizona. The divisions or clubs implement what the National Committee comes up with as policy for the party. They are groups that have a lot of volunteers that the committee can tap. These organized volunteers are a good thing, because if you had to get people one by one, you'd never reach them. You can get, say, a women's club to take on a special project, and they will do it well.

The formation of clubs as a supplementary thing is partly subsidized by the National Committee. It used to be that when the clubs were first set up, there were entirely subsidized by the National Committee. This is true of the Y R's—the Young Republicans.

They were completely subsidized at one time. The National Committee was the need for these auxiliary groups and set them going. As time goes by, they are becoming more and more self-supporting, but still work very closely with the National Committee.

I was at the convention in 1964, in a special section reserved for National Committee people, where you could survey the whole scene. It was most interesting, because before I had been on the floor, which doesn't give you that all-over picture so well as to be up in the balcony where you can see the whole thing. I'm convinced that too much space is being given to the press, for the reason that the press do not stay in their section. They are up and out of their seats so much that there were times when there was nobody in that very large section reserved for the press. All their tables, and everything

was there for their accommodations, so that they could have space to write and all, and they just weren't there. They are just around interviewing people and doing all these things on the floor while the convention is going and while the speeches are being made.

I think twice perhaps that there was fine attention given to the speakers. One was the Dirksen speech; he can command attention at all times and at all places, and young, old, and middle-aged liked to hear this-man speak. They are fascinated by his delivery and the type of speech that he always comes up with. He stressed the fact that Barry Goldwater was a descendant of an immigrant, a peddler as he kept saying. That was very interesting, of course. We had the usual hub-bubbing going on with the marching up and down the aisles, the walkie-talkie people. There's a good deal of criticism about this business of this confusion.

Our delegation was just half as large as it had been, for the reason that the people didn't cast a vote for our candidate for congressman. It's all based on this vote that the congressman gets. So we had six only, with six alternates which is a very, very small delegation; the smallest you can have. The rules are that each delegation has at least six, so if you aren't in the position to command it on the basis of the congressional vote, you still get the six people. As I said, I was working on the Rules Committee, and I have done that in many of our state and local conventions.

The Rules Committee was cut into sections, and just before convention, the whole committee met. There were a few changes, not a great many. They have been worked on for so many years that there is really not an awful lot of reason for changing them.

The committee that really had a rough time was the Platform Committee with all their hearings. They worked until six or seven in the morning. Really, some of them were

completely exhausted! Everybody is, I find, so in earnest over this thing. They don't take it lightly at all; They want to do a good job, and it showed in convention that it was very well done.

Every word of the platform was read to the convention, which I thought was splendid. They took turns in reading this thing, and it was all voted on there. Now over T. V., none of you people saw this or heard this, but it was done. At the time when that was being done in convention, they were showing the little personal shots around and some personal interviews. Mrs. Scranton, I believe, and some of the personalities there were being interviewed. Yet I thought that this was the tremendously important part of the convention, which the general public didn't realize was going on.

Being in a position where I could see the whole thing at the 1964 Convention, I am convinced that there was no booing among the delegates; it was from the balconies. They were packed, and there was a great deal of flag-waving and waving and shouting, and there was booing. I don't believe that any of our National delegates were guilty of it. I've been convinced of that at all times, regardless of what the newspapers say. I still am convinced. I could and did take pains to look around. That's a vast place, but you could pretty well judge. When it became the loudest, most urgent, I could tell what quarter of the building it was coming from; it was probably a group of people who had banded together to do this sort of thing. We don't tolerate that type of thing nor go into that sort of thing. If you can't win without that, I think you deserve not to win.

As far as the picketing was concerned, it looked very feeble and weak to me. You know, a few straggly people with their banners and weak little voices singing. Of course, I know

there was some disruption and something happened, but that is taken care of so quickly and unobtrusively, it didn't warrant hardly any comment at all. I didn't think the picketing amounted to anything at all.

There is always music and entertainment at the conventions; pageantry that's interesting to see when the delegations come in. The Hawaiian delegation was a very interesting and colorful thing, and some Chinese-Americans came in with all of the colorful costumes and the dragon with its mouth opening. I think it makes a break that helps. If you were just serious every minute, it would wear you out absolutely, because there is much to be considered.

We felt that Nevada was really highly honored by having the opportunity to second a motion that was made, and another time Paul Laxalt was called on. Paul is an impressive figure. He was in the Western Republican Conference. He makes outstanding impressions. I feel right here in our own little state of Nevada, we have a coming man in politics, not only locally, but in Western circles. It will probably extend farther East as time goes on. I think that we have had some very fine people representing us. And I think we are going to have Paul Laxalt someday representing us in Washington. We've had Cliff Young who did a splendid, outstanding job for two terms, and we have some very up-and-coming men in our party. I think George Abbott is going to be an outstanding man as state chairman.

After convention, I took a rest from my politics. I went for a ten-day visit to the Islands, came back, and took one day off.

I went to headquarters every day. In the Washoe County office, I represented the Goldwater group. Then there was a separate Goldwater headquarters, which

attempted to draw all of the people who were Goldwater supporters whether or not they were Republicans. Some of us in the party believed that a better job could be done by incorporating that office into the regular headquarters. It's very confusing to the general public. They say, "Why do you have so many headquarters?" It almost inevitably ends up that these citizens for Eisenhower, citizens for Nixon or Lodge or citizens for Goldwater, end up by being headed by the Republicans. So the thing that they are attempting to do never seems to come through for us the way we would like it.

We wanted Dr. Wesley Hall who had headed citizens for Lodge-Nixon to head the citizens for Goldwater in Nevada, but he couldn't do it this time. He is a Democrat, with a heritage of Democratic political work in the southern states for so many years that you wouldn't ask him to change his registration; that would be just about heresy, you understand. You couldn't ask him to do that, but you could ask him to come out boldly and bravely for your candidate.

Working in the headquarters is one of the fascinating things. You see a tremendous lot of school children which is an interesting thing, and you see people of all types. I well remember the day this pompous gentleman came in and said, "I am Doctor So-and-so." And I thought to myself, "Oh, not an M. D." This gentleman had been given an honorary degree; he cherished this title. We see children and one of our volunteers said, "Oh, I know you," to this little girl. And, "I know your father and mother, but they're Democrats." This little twelve year old girl said, "Yes, I know, but I am a Republican." This is an interesting phase.

In this last campaign, we saw more people from the ranks—nurses, clerks, janitors.

These people were so very interesting to the point of spending their money for literature. One couple came in and they were going to take a trip. They were driving in their car on their way to Arizona, and they brought a lot of literature to give out at the stops that they made. We find youngsters who come in and say, "Do you have any errands?" And we can keep them busy, there are always plenty of errands. We have had other youngsters who want paying jobs and we said to them, "But you see, all of us are volunteers here." We only have one paid worker.

Among the best workers we had were the members of the John Birch Society.

I can safely say that these people are very dedicated and hard working people. I'm not a member of the John Birch Society, but the people that I know and who are my very good friends are among the best workers of the Republican party. You can really absolutely depend on them for a lot of drudgery. And a lot of it is drudgery. You run these duplicating machines, you try to keep a counter in order, everybody that comes in leaves through the literature fifty times a day; this counter has to be gone over and straightened out. You type (we had any number of machines that were donated to us); typists were making lists, and all of these things. And when people come in the door, we don't like anyone to come and feel lost. We like someone there who will greet them immediately, and ask them what can be done for them. There's phones to answer. And all this goes on and on and on.

Once in awhile something very, very funny happens and that's a big relief and get a good laugh and go on all refreshed. I remember the day I went in and said, "This is my fifty-third wedding anniversary and Father's gone fishing. So when I got back from lunch, there were fifty-three little cupcakes,

each one with a decoration and we had a party.

Then you get the people with their complaints, there's no question about that. "Why isn't so-and-so done?" And "How come you didn't have anything in the paper?" And you say, "But we had five ads." "Oh, you did? Well, I just didn't see it." These are the things that happen.

We in headquarters give a great deal of support to candidates. Our candidates are always free to come in and ask for precinct lists, and they get their volunteers to call people on these precinct lists. We have copies and copies and copies of them stacked up, and they are there available to candidates. We also support them, as a party, financially too. I think they were particularly pleased this year with all of the support they got from headquarters and from the Washoe County Central Committee. It's something that you have to exert a great deal of effort.

Volunteers are really tremendous. They give us so willingly of their time, and they don't expect anything. We have volunteer people who register, and we always register people in the office when it is open. We have a registrar that is available to them.

We didn't have an awful lot of parking. This is always a real problem, to find a place central so we get the walk-in trade, as you call it, and get the people with cars. So all in all, it is really a tremendous job with an awful lot of effort put into it. And Washoe County comes through with the Republicans in the lead, six Republicans went to the Assembly last year from our district.

Then there are Sparks district, and the Roop district which takes Verdi and all of the northern part of the state. It's a very big district. I can't say that we are so successful in those outlying places, but where we work in

Reno and in Washoe County, we feel that we are very successful in our district; our district attorney, our sheriff, and right on down the line, we predominate. We don't have at this time our Washoe County senator, but we plan to get it next time.

I volunteered, after I went out of office as National Committeewoman, to work on finance for the party, which is a real, real job. A real difficult job, but I was very encouraged over it, because the money came in. The people we contracted knew, realized the need for finance. The fact that it isn't an election year doesn't alter the fact that we need money, so I'm very pleased that it is coming. It's slow, but we are going to unremittingly work on it.

We're not going to quit working; we have some very fine young potential candidates in our party. We have Paul Toland, Bob Schuweiler, and we have Harry Swanson. We have a young business man in Sparks, Doug Webb. We have others, and we have some women that are proving themselves. Mary Frazzini has proven herself a very fine legislator. So we feel that we are far from being an extinct party; we may be the minority party; but we are a very lively one, a hard-working one.

MOTHER OF THE YEAR

The Mother of the Year award was an experience that I had never anticipated. When I was asked if I would go into this contest, I thought about it and thought, well, why not? So at the urging of my friends, I did go in.

You must be sponsored by at least one organization, and there were three who joined in this plot to get me to run for Mother of the Year. You have to be a mother of not very young children; your youngest child must be fourteen. The idea behind the age limit is the fact that through your children you have to have the proof that you have proven yourself a good mother. (My children were all girls four daughters married and raising their own families.) Through their activities, which must be related, you have some proof that you have done a pretty good job.

There must be three people who recommend you, and they have to come from different walks of life, different fields of endeavor; someone connected with the clergy, someone connected with educational affairs, and someone with other types of civic affairs. My three recommendations

came from Mr. Finch, principal of the Reno High School, Father Ledger of the Episcopal Church who had left our community and was living in California at the time, and Ex-Governor Russell. They all wrote letters of recommendation. Then there were three judges; Dwight Nelson, Fred Herz and Judge Barrett. They gave of their time so generously, and gave thought and study to all these papers and letters and everything that came in. They spent at least two hours reading, and this is asking quite a bit of these busy men. There were four or five, five I believe, contestants from different parts of the state.

After the decision was made and announced, a large luncheon was set at the Holiday Hotel, April 30, 1963. We asked the runner-up in this contest who was a resident of Fallon to come up. She came with several of her friends which made it just so very nice. We liked the enthusiasm of her group of friends, and the fact that they would come seventy or eighty miles to this luncheon.

We had pictures taken, and I had the pin pinned on by the governor of the state

of Nevada. I thought very carefully, “Now, do not get any politics into this thing at all.” And do you know that I opened my mouth and said, “When the Democrat governor pinned the pin on me,” and then I said, “Well, I didn’t intend to say that,” but we let it go. It was just one of those slips of the tongue, you know. I wasn’t going to get politics into it all all, but how can you be in my position and stay away from it? I really never can. (A gentleman came in the other day. He hadn’t been in the door very long, he was a perfect stranger—and I said, “Well, what faith are you? I’m a Republican.”) The luncheon was a very nice occasion.

Very shortly after that I was at a meeting of the National Committee in Washington and each one of the National Committeewomen at this luncheon had an opportunity to say a few words. I thought that they would be interested to know that I was a Mother of the Year, and they were very interested. Everyone has seemed to put a great deal of emphasis on this fact. And I am very grateful to have had this honor. It was indeed an honor.

This is national, a group of people that give their time and attention to this Mother of the Year Program. They are based in New York City. It’s a very interesting group. The Mother of the Year chosen in each state is invited to come to New York afterwards, and there they pick out the Mother of the United States. That year a very beautiful lady from Nebraska was chosen. They set up any number of events. I wasn’t able to go due to personal affairs, but I kept reading about it—luncheons, tours, and all sorts of fine things are done for these mothers. Someone is appointed to be their guide; she takes care of seeing that the national winner gets to these affairs. So that is one of the things that happened in my later life, and I hadn’t anticipated it.

CONCLUSION

You know, I'm quite like my mother; there's always plans for the future and we always think about what we would like to do tomorrow, what we would like to do next year. I always have so many things that I want to do that I will never live long enough to accomplish all of the reading, all of the different interesting things there are to do in the world in this life. I feel like I've lived through some very interesting years already. My husband and I will celebrate our fifty-fourth wedding anniversary this year (1965).

Our golden anniversary was a joy forever. We didn't send out any invitations, we just put in a paper that we were having open house and we wanted everyone to come. It was just wonderful. They all showed up. It was something once in a life time that something comes out just the way you would like it, everything about it. So that was just great.

I love the young people; this is a trait that I get from my mother. She just couldn't grow old and didn't grow old. She was very fond of flowers, and worked in her garden when

she was in her eighties. You could find her for hours in her flower garden. I think we're all natural teachers in our family. When we have the little folks around us, we are always teaching them something, instructing them in something, and they take to it so very readily that it's a joy to do it. Youngsters are so teachable. They love to come to grandmother's house; this is one of the big treats. So little Brucie's parents just say, "Now you mustn't do that or you won't get the opportunity to go to grandmother's house." This is all they need; they straighten out right now.

I'd like to do a little bit more traveling I think. For example, I have not been to the restoration of Williamsburg. This is the place that I want to go, and in all my trips east, I haven't been there. So I have to make a special trip to see the restoration. I've read a lot about it and heard a lot about it, and sure do plan to make that detour from Washington, D. C., but there's always an urgent need for me to get home. That's one of the places that I want to go.

Of course, being a real Lincoln admirer—I guess millions of us are—I would like to see his home and all. Anywhere we can go to find anything about Lincoln, I want to do that. And as long as we have good health I think we can look forward to doing this. I might be a hundred, but able-bodied so I can go on doing things.

I have a good many books on Lincoln, but there are more books out than I have. You couldn't just read too much about Lincoln, I think. This is one of the reasons that I'm convinced Republican, I think, because I am such an admirer of his principles. He was a man of the people and understood people; this is why he was so great, I think. But he had a spark of something; he had something that lots of us don't have. So when you go to Washington, be sure to see the Lincoln Memorial. One of the guards there says that there's just never a dry eye, everybody cries when they get there. they just can't help it. In back of him, you see the Second Inaugural with "malice toward none." Really gorgeous.

My philosophy of life was brought out in the little thing that was done for the Mother of the Year. It's just the good old Golden Rule. If everybody would use it, why we would have lots more pleasant times. There are plenty of upsets in life, but if we're all making a strong endeavor to treat people like we would like to be treated, how wonderful that would be. I have tried to live it, and I don't think it is so hard to do, somehow or the other. I haven't the instinct for trying to get even with anybody, or any of that type of thing. So maybe it's just the way the good Lord made you; perhaps that's it.

So I guess we are done, done, done.

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A

Abbott, George, 115
Adams, Maud, 62-63
Alpine, Nevada, 67
Ann Arbor, Michigan, 77
Arcade Building, 63
Arentz, Sam, 99
Arizona state, 111, 117
Atkinson, Harry, 76, 81
Atlantic City, New Jersey, 108, 110
Avansino, Carry, 59

B

Barber family, 35-36
Barber, Elda, 35, 36
Barber, Louis, 35, 36
Baring, Walter, 99
Barrett, John, 122
Beaune, France, 71
Becker family, 39-40
Bell, Agnes, 24
Bell, Frank, 24
Bell, Rex, 87
Bergstein, Henry, 42
Bernhardt, Sarah, 63-64
"Bill Character," 18
Bishop Whitaker school, 11, 68
Black Rock desert, 4
Bliss, Ray, 99, 101, 107
Booth, Libby C., 24, 26
Boulder City, Nevada, 95
Boyle, Emmet D., 76
Bradley Building, 33
Brandon, Ted., 18-19, 27, 28
Bray, John Edwards, 24
Brookins store, 32
Browne, Bernice DeHart, 21
Browne, George, 52
Browne, Howard, 52
Bryant, Dean, 7
Bryant, Prince, 1-2
Bryant, Seymour, 7
Buffalo Meadows, 71

C

California state, 2, 121
Call, Mrs., 53
Canadians, 3, 37
Carson City, Nevada, 4, 11, 32, 50
71, 72, 74, 75, 77, 78, 85
Catholic Church, 60
Central School, Reno (see also Reno High School), 27
Champion family, 8
Cheney, A. E., 76
Chenowith, Judge, 109
Chicago, Illinois, 87, 91, 98, 99, 100, 108, 109, 110
Chinese, 31, 38, 44, 115
Civil War, U. S., 1, 8, 47, 48
Clark County, Nevada, 100
Clark, Marquerite Gosse, 37, 85
Cliff family, 18, 19
Coffin and Larcombe store, 30
Coffin, Chester, 52, 56
Cohn family, 71
Cohn, Dr., 72
Cohn, Felice, 71
Colorado state, 109
Congregational Church, 57
Conkey family, 2
Conkey, Ira, 46
Converse, Ed, 104
Cottage Hospital, 71, 72
Cowles, R. H., 55
Cowles, Thelma Hall, 55
Crocker, Charles, 8
Crocker, E. B., 8

D

Dalton family, 36
Darwin, Charles, 9
deLaguna, Laura, 45
Democrats, 77, 78, 79, 85, 86, 101, 109, 116, 117, 122
Denver, Colorado, 90, 108, 109
Dewey, Thomas E., 89
Dickens, Charles, 9, 26
Dimmick, Maud Thompson, 11, 33, 41, 8, 67-69, 77

D

Dimmick, Paul, 77
Dirksen, Everett M., 112
Dodge, E. R., 37
Donald, Edna, 104
Doten, Alf, 24-25
Doten, Goodwin, 25
Doten, Mary S., 24-25
Doten, Sam, 24-25

E

Eagle Thrifty store, 36
East Ely, Nevada, 96
Eastern Star lodge, 61
Eccles, Bessie, 38
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 87, 88
89, 90-91, 92, 111
Elko, Nevada, 74, 77, 107
Elston, Dottie, 106-107
Ely, Nevada, 93, 94, 95
Ely, Eugene, 46
Episcopal Church, 121
Eureka, Nevada, 33
Evans family, 56
Everett, Lily Bryant, 7
Everett, William, 7

F

Fallon, Nevada, 55, 65, 67,
77, 84, 122
Farmers and Merchants Bank, 80
Fernley, Nevada, 81
Finch, David, 26, 121
Finlayson family, 55
Flanigan, Mrs., 18
Flanigan, Helen, 36
Flanigan, John, 36
Flanigan, P. L., 36
Flanigan, Paul, 36
Foley, M. D., 32-33
France, 71-72
Franktown, Nevada, 10, 11-20,
21, 50
Frazzini, Mary, 120
Fulton, Margaret, 55

G

Gamma Phi Beta sorority, 24
Gelder, Polly, 85
Germans, 39-40, 52
Getchell, Nobel, 79-80
Glendale, Nevada, 9
Goldfield, Nevada, 70
Goldwater, Barry, 98, 99, 103,
112, 115-116
Gosse family, 37-38
Gosse, Harry, 37
Grand Theater, 63, 84
Gray, Aleta, 82
Gray, Leslie B., 79, 87, 90
Gulling, Clara G., 32, 44
Gulling, Eileen, 60, 64-65
Gulling, Harry, 60
Gulling Laurence, 32, 41, 44-45,
51, 52, 56, 60, 118, 124

H

Hale's Drug store, 41
Hall family, 31
Hall, Mrs. G. W., 55
Hall, Hazel, 55
Hall, Wesley W., 116
Hamlin, John, 59
Harris, W. J., 80
Hartley, Alice, 32-33
Harvard University, 52
Hatch, Andrew, 6, 34
Hawaii state, 56, 94, 104, 115
Hays, John, 37
Hersey, Milton James, 50
Herz family, 36, 40
Herz Elsie, 55
Herz, Emma, 55
Herz, Frederick, 40, 122
Herz, Mrs. Frederick, 35, 36
Hilp Drug store, 57
Hilp, Lester, 73
Hobbins, Helen, 56
Hodgkinson Drug store, 41-42
Hogan, H. H., 42
Holiday Hotel, 21, 122
Honey Lake valley, 2
Honolulu, Hawaii, 103
Hoover Dam, 90

H

Hoover, Herbert, 88
Houdini, Harry, 62
Humboldt Valley, 4
Humphrey, Marvin, 87, 90
Hunter Creek, 54
Hurst, Dale, 84
Hurst, Glen, 84
Hurst, Sadie D., 84-85
Huxley, Thomas H., 9
Hygienic Laboratory, Nevada
state, 73
Hymers, Mrs. Anne, 30, 36
Hymers Livery Stable, 62

I

Idlewild park, 44
Illinois state, 98, 100
Indianapolis, Indiana, 98
Indians, 2-3, 12, 46-50
Iowa state, 84
Italians, 39-40, 40-41, 86

J

Jim, Captain, 47-48
John Birch Society, 117
Johnson, Mrs. Kenneth, 93-94,
95, 96
Jolly Dozen, 55-56, 61
Joy, Helena, 21-23, 24

K

Kelly, Dorcas, 103-104
Kinkead family, 36
Kirman, Richard, 80

L

Lake, Charles, 6
Lake House (see also Riverside
Hotel), 7
Lake, Myron, 4, 5, 9, 31
Lake, Mrs. Myron, 1-8, 9, 25,
30, 33, 36, 43-44, 51, 58,
62
Lamb, Grace, 19
Larcombe family, 7

Las Vegas, Nevada, 81, 90
Lawton Hot Springs, 64
Laxalt, Paul, 78, 115
Layton, Alice, 22
Ledger, William, 121
Leeper, Irene, 41
Leeper, R. C. 52
Lewers ranch, 16
Lewis, John E., 42
Lincoln, Abraham, 78, 125-126
Lochman, Sollie, 28
Loder, Echo, 19, 121
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 88, 116
Logna, Jennie K., 21
Louisiana state, 103
Lovelock, Nevada, 77
Lunsford family, 55

M

MacArthur, Douglas, 88
Mack, Effie Mona, 84
Mack, Mrs. O. H., 84
Maine state, 98
Man, Isle of, 38
Mapes Hotel, 31
Marshall, Henry, 68-69
Martin, Anne, 33, 84
Martin, W. O. H., 33
Maryland state, 106
Masons, 61
McCarran, Patrick, 76, 78
McKissick Opera House, 58, 61-63
Menardi, Blair, 51, 56
Menardi family, 56
Methodist Church, 9
Mexican War, 4
Michigan state, 79
Miller, William, 107
Miller, Mrs. William, 107
Mills College, 24
Missouri state, 37
Moana springs, 45-46, 64
Moore, Dortha, 104
Morrow, Oregon, 104
Mudd family, 38

N

Nebraska state, 104, 123
Negroes, 89, 107, 108
Nelson, Dwight, 122
Nevada Bank, 32, 33
Nevada, University, 7, 58, 68,
74-75, 77, 79, 80
Newlands Reclamation Project, 65
New Orleans, Louisiana, 65
New York state, 2, 89
New York City, 123
Nixon, Richard, 98, 116
Northrup, Laura, 24

O

Oddie, Tasker L., 76
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, 99,
103, 104
Oregon state, 93, 104
Orsmby County, Nevada, 74

P

Packer, Mr., 109
Pahranagat Valley, 70
Paiute Indians, 48
Paret, Mat, 29
Patrick ranch, 25
Payne, Harvey, 56
Peterson, Frank, 24
Peterson, Helen Fulton, 24
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
100
Piper's Opera House, 62
Platte River, 3
Poland, 107
Price, R. M., 76

R

Racquet store, 29
Raggio, William, 41
Reno, High School, 28, 121
Reno, Jesse, 8
Reno Mercantile store, 61
Reno Women's Civic Club, 86
Republicans, 75-76, 78, 79,
81, 87-120, 122, 125
Republican National Committee,
93, 94, 95, 97-98, 101-109,
110-11, 112, 119, 123

Richards, Emma, 71
Ring, Orvis, 24
Riverside Bank, 80
Riverside Hotel (see also Lake
House), 5-6, 34, 37, 68
Roberts, E. E., 44-45
Roberts' Rules of Order, 81
Robinson, Elizabeth Evans, 11, 56
Roope district, 119
Rosenthal, Vesta, 15
Ross, Silas, 53
Russell, Charles H., 121
Ryland family, 33-35
Ryland, Kitty, 33
Ryland, Richard, Jr., 33-34

S

Sacramento, California, 9-10
St. Thomas Aquinas school, 61
Salt Lake City, Utah, 3-4
Salvation Army, 31
San Francisco, California, 28, 65,
71, 93, 101, 102, 105, 110
San Francisco, University, 71
Santa Barbara, California, 71
Sauer, Mrs. George, 30
Saxton, Myra, 23
Scheeling, Harry, 36
Schumann-Heinck, Madame Ernestine,
63
Schuweiler, Robert, 120
Scotland, 16
Scranton, William, 106
Scranton, Mrs. William, 114
Scrugham, James G., 77-78, 79
Seagraves, Ralph, 27
Sears Roebuck store, 62
Seattle, Washington, 66, 103
Shakspeare, William, 16
Shiloh, battle, 1
Silver Party, 75
Sites, Charles, 51, 56
Smith, Raymond I., 25
Smith, Thomas, 96
Southside School, 21
Sparks, John, 39
Sparks, Nevada, 39, 119
Stanford University, 56
Stanley Steamer, 17
Stassen, Harold, 89

S

State Building, Reno, 52-54, 82
Stead Air Force Base, 106
Stewart, William M., 75
Strasberg, Amy, 55, 56
Strasberg, Fred, 55
Strasberg, Fred, Jr., 55
Stubbs, Ruth, 55
Summerfield, Lester, 52, 56
Sunderland store, 29
Susanville, California, 2
Swanson, Harry, 120
Swinton reader, 19

T

Taft, Robert A., 87, 88, 90,
92, 99
Taylor, Doris, 37
Taylor, George, 37
Taylor, Harold, 37
Texas state, 99, 100
Thoma, G. H., family, 36
Thompson, Alice, 11, 17, 51,
60, 67-68, 69-73
Thompson, Roy, 11, 14
Thompson, Will, 11
Thompson, William, 11-12, 13,
27, 31, 35, 48, 52-53,
74-75
Thompson, Mrs. William, 2, 3,
4, 6, 7, 8-10, 11-12, 13,
14-15, 16, 17-18, 25, 27
34, 42, 43, 75, 124
Toland, Paul, 120
Tonopah, Nevada, 69-70, 81
Toogood, Mona, 38
Torreyson, J. D., 55
Torreyson, Mrs. J. D., 55
Torreyson, Margaret, 55
Truckee, California, 105-106
Truckee River, 5
Turpin, Mrs. George, 86
Twentieth Century Club, 60-61

V

Verdi, Nevada, 86, 119
Verdi Road, 64
Virginia City, Nevada, 5, 9
Virginia and Truckee Railroad,
14, 72

W

Wadsworth, Nevada, 55
Washington, D. C., 91, 105, 106,
115, 125, 126
Washo Indians, 48
Washoe City, Nevada, 17
Washoe County Bank, 37
Washoe County Commissioners, 5, 52
Washoe County Court House, 6, 37
Washoe Medical Center, 72
Washoe summit, 77
Washoe Valley, 16, 17
Waterhouse, Mrs. A. D., 104-105
Webb, Doug, 120
Wedekind, George, 39, 40
Welsh, 70-71
Wheeler, Sam, 30
Wheeler, Mrs. Sam, 61
Whitman, Elizabeth, 24
Williams, Claire, 105
Williams, W. W., 67
Williamsburg, Virginia, 125
Wilson Drug store, 52
Wilson, Nat, 41, 51, 58
Wilson, N. E., 41, 57-58
Wilson, Mrs. N. E., 57-58
Wilson, Nora, 41
Wilson, Ruth, 58
Wilson, Tim, 58
Winfrey, E. E., 24
Wingfield, George, 79-81

Y

Yale University, 52
Young, Brigham, 3-4
Young, Clifton, 96, 99, 115

Z

Zimmer, Ethel Thompson, 11, 13-14,
18-19, 21, 41

